JOHN BULL, MARCH, 8, 1924. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper, Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXV. No. 887. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1924. TWOPENCE.

MURIEL "ARCADIA" Cigarettes

guaranteed manufactured from High Grade Pure Virginia Tobacco.

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

Of all Tobacconists.

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Murder to cure a Cold

by

"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

MAKE IT A RULE OF YOUR MORNING TOILET

'Start the day right with ENO'

INWARD CLEANLINESS is even more vital to health than outward cleanliness. Better neglect your bath than neglect your inner welfare.

So take practical steps to avoid the troubles arising from unsuitable food and lack of exercise. Make this a regular part of your toilet: First thing every morning drink a glass of water sparkling with a dash of ENO's "Fruit Salt."

ENO gives just the gentle assistance that Nature needs, without upsetting the system as harsh mineral salts do. Pleasantly, yet effectively, ENO keeps you free from indigestion and constipation—the primary causes of most of the ills that make life a burden.

In two sizes, of all Chemists. The Household Size at 3s. is most suitable for regular use. The Handy Size costs only

1/9

PLEASANT TO TASTE GENTLE IN ACTION
TRUE AID TO NATURE

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

TRADE MARK

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

INDIGESTION GONE FOR EVER.

NATURE'S BEVERAGE QUICKLY OVERCOMES ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION. FREE OF ALL DRUGS.

10,000 Trial Treatments FREE TO READERS.

Read Mr. Thompson's Experience

PLYMOUTH.

Dear Sirs,—I have been using Peruvian Herb Tea for seven weeks now, and wish to place on record the remarkable results obtained from it. I had suffered intense agony from indigestion for many years, and nothing gave me more than temporary relief, but after taking the tea for nearly a fortnight the wind and pain gradually left me, and for the last five weeks I have been perfectly free from any sign of my previous indigestion. I enclose P.O. for a further supply. I might add that I use it now instead of ordinary tea.

Yours faithfully, F. J. THOMPSON.

Any reader of this paper who is a chronic sufferer from any form of Indigestion is invited to send for a free trial treatment of this remarkable Peruvian Herb Tea. It is Nature's remedy and free from drugs, and relief is obtained from the first draught. Send for a trial supply now, and enclose 2 stamps for postage of same. Sole agents, M. K. Chapman, Ltd. (Dept. C), Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1.

"Sign away your worries, dear"

"JUST sign away all your worries along that line, dear. Now that we have at last got our little home together we cannot afford to take any risks.

"Just see the benefits we are entitled to should anything happen!

"Fire—Storm—Sickness—Accidents . . .

every emergency seems to be provided for.

"What a pity the Smiths hadn't thought of this before they were burned out last week.

"Why should we pay insurance premiums when we can get all these wonderful benefits FREE?"

A few of the BENEFITS PAID this week:

Fire
Up to £400

TREBANOG, Nr. PORTH.—WM. RANWAKER, 6, Penybryn Terrace.
BURNTISLAND, FIFE.—J. DUKE, 26, Sommerville Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. M. J. VICKERS, 22, Chesham Street, Holbeck.
CAMDEN ROAD, N.W.—F. ARMSTRONG, 48, Brecknock Road.
TIPTON, STAFFS.—Mrs. C. FORRESTER, 2, House, 1, Court, Lea Brook Road, Ocherhill.
L. EDMONTON, N. 9.—ROBERT SALMON, 57, Cedars Road.
FULHAM, S.W.—WM. J. BANFIELD, 8, Goodson Road, Lillie Road.
LEITH.—JAMES SMITH, 40, Glover Street.
KINSLEY, Nr. PONTEFRACT.—Mrs. E. Hirst, 80, Wakefield Road.
BRIDGEND, GLAM.—P. MORGAN, 54, Glanavon Terrace, Caerau.
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. F. WALKER, 20, Bishop Road, Poulton.
FIFE.—Mrs. M. BROWN, Old School House, Dunshalt.
GROBY, Nr. LEICESTER.—ALBERT STAFFORD, 3, Ratby Road.
WORKINGTON, CUMBERLAND.—Mrs. P. CONAWAY, 42, Lonsdale Street.
NEWMILLS, FIFE.—Geo. ANDERSON, 42, Dundonald Terrace, Valleyfield.
GREASBOROUGH, Nr. ROTHERHAM.—J. W. EDWARDS, 5, New Street.

Storm
Up to £300

PEMBROKE DOCK.—J. G. PHILLIPS, 7, Water Street.
SHERBORNE, DORSET.—B. E. LAMB, 1, Long Street.
CWMAVON, Nr. BLAENAVON, MON.—Mrs. F. DAVIES, 2, Halfway Houses.
CWMAVON, MON.—ISAAC W. DAVIES, Halfway Houses.
GOVAN, GLASGOW.—Mrs. W. SMITH, 29, Logie Street.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. S. KENT, 25, Hill Street, Hakin.
BLAENAVON, MON.—Mrs. SARAH FORWARD, Halfway Houses, Cwmavon Road.

Sickness Benefits
£5-5-0

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever, (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

WOOD GREEN, N. 22.—Mrs. M. A. CLARKE, 110, Gladstone Avenue.
CINDERFORD, GLOS.—L. DREW, Princess Plume, Plaxley Street.
CINDERFORD, GLOS.—R. CROOMBE, Princess Plume Cottage, Plaxley Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—L. W. KING, 49, Central Avenue, Longbridge Estate, Northfield.
BELFAST.—Mrs. A. DIXON, 58, Melrose Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—R. LAYBURN, 10, Garden Street, S. Benwell.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. H. A. ALLEN, 89, Lord Street.
WORKSOP, NOTTS.—Geo. BROWN, 41, Church Walk.
CINDERFORD, GLOS.—A. CARPENTER, Office Row, Furnaces.
CINDERFORD, GLOS.—S. J. WALKER, Heywood.
DEVON.—R. S. MOULDING, 50, Exmouth, Mr. Colyford.

Burst Hot Water Pipes

GLASGOW.—A. H. MASON, 12, Bonvuie Street, Ibrox.
RENFREW, RENFREWSHIRE.—DAVID ADAMS, 12, Greenhouse Cottages, Inchinnan.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. RUSSON, 54, Bristol Road, Edgbaston.

Accident Benefits
£3 per week

CARNARVON.—Mrs. E. GRIFFITHS, Grugan Shop, Gaerwen.
RAMSGATE.—H. R. SUTTON, 31, Adelaide Gardens.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. MARY MASON, 33, Uxbridge Street.
DORSET.—Miss F. BRAKE, Lower Lillington, Nr. Sherborne.
WREXHAM.—Mrs. E. DAVIES, 9, Alms Goch, Rhosnesni.
LEEDS.—Mrs. LILY HINCHLIFF, 45, Cattle Market Street, Bank.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. ANNIE MORGAN, 1, Albert Avenue.
GOYTRE, Nr. ABERGAVENNY.—Mrs. M. A. JAMES, Ivy Cottage.
CWMCARN, Nr. NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. C. SUTCLIFFE, 4, Nant Cara Road.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. E. WYKES, 12, Ashgrove Road, Leeds Road.
STALYBRIDGE.—Mrs. A. A. HOWARD, 23, Dunsmore Street.
CHELSEA, S.W.10.—Mrs. ALICE HAWKINS, 1, Blantyre Street.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

Total Benefits now Paid—11,689.

GRAMOPHONES

GRAVES

Greatest value in the World. Portable model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 4x7½in.) Powerful Silent Motor Worm Drive, finest quality Sound Box. Price £3:10:0

Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance 7 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money back in full if in any way disappointed.

CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. "CUT HERE"

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 8/3/24.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. "CUT HERE"

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

J.B. 8/3/24.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2. Please send me the Silver Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" Standard Model Pen and 1/6 Propelling Pencil FREE. I enclose Cheque/P.O. for 3/3, which includes 3d. postage and insurance. (Pocket Clip 3d. extra.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Cross Cheque, P.O., "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull."

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. (Strike out grades not wanted.)

J.B. 8/3/24.

Another "JOHN BULL" Sensation!

A 10/6 Pen for 3/- and an automatic Propelling Pencil FREE!

Limited Number Only.

Here is a pen with all the earmarks of the half guinea article. Take the nib alone—14 ct. solid gold, iridium tipped. Years of wear and writing joy here! To bind the bargain we include a beautiful Propelling Pencil, complete with refills, FREE and for keeping measure add a Silver Presentation Pen Box. Seize "John Bull's" sensational pen offer NOW.

LIMITED NUMBER ONLY.

Cling through life to

CEPEA SERGE

Shirts and Pyjamas.

They fit well, wash well, and keep their "newness" wonderfully well, whilst their colours are as dependable as the material.

They never shrink or fade. The round tab on each garment guarantees these important qualities. From all hosiers and outfitters.

Trade Mark.

THE CALICO PRINTERS' ASSOCIATION Ltd
Advertising Department - - - MANCHESTER

'TONSILS' 'ADENOIDS'

and all

CATARRHAL TROUBLES in Children and Adults should be treated by

The KYNASTON Method

"85 per cent. of the operations for the removal of TONSILS and ADENOIDS are totally unnecessary."

THIS definite statement is made by Dr. Kynaston, one of the best known West End Throat, Nose and Ear Specialists, who, after years of study and practical application, has perfected a medical treatment which does away with those operations and is a certain remedy for CATARRH.

The treatment is so simple that it can be carried out with absolute confidence in your own home.

Write, enclosing 2½d. in stamps, or call for particulars:

Director, Dr. Kynaston's Institute,

CONNAUGHT MANSIONS, 24, VICTORIA STREET LONDON, S.W.1.

Telephone Victoria 184.

DARE I MARRY?

Those who have at *any* time suffered from Venereal Diseases should consult a doctor before marriage. This can be done at the nearest hospital Clinic. If you do not know the address apply to the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102 P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W. 1, from whom can also be obtained free information in strict confidence.

Five useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set, post free. Six useful booklets for Girls, 1/5 the set, post free. Seven useful booklets for Young Men, 1/6 the set, post free.

FINAL OFFER

Sensational Sale of a Manufacturer's Stock of RAINCOATS & WATERPROOFS

The Purchase by CURZON BROS. of the entire stock of THE LONDON TRENCH COAT CO., of 48, STRAND, constitutes a BIG DEAL, and the public are offered the advantage of these GREAT BARGAINS. The London Trench Coat Co. were noted for their Excellent Quality and Value, and CURZONS are able to offer their goods at PRICES MUCH BELOW Cost of Production.

The Goods can ONLY be obtained by POST, as the Stock is not sufficient to be distributed among our numerous Shops.

SEND YOUR ORDER BY POST under Curzon's well-known guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not more than pleased with your purchase.
NO PATTERNS CAN BE SENT.

THE FAMOUS 4-in-1 Triple-proofed
GABARDINE Trench Coat

Fawn or Navy Blue. Check lined—Rubber lined—with detachable Wool lining. The Coat for a lifetime. The "All the Year Round" Coat. CURZON'S SALE PRICE

30/9

(As originally sold at 70/-). This Coat is guaranteed to be equal or better in quality to many now being sold at much higher prices.

LADIES' D.B. Trench Style MACKINTOSH COAT

Rubber Check lined. All seams sewn and covered. ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF. In Navy or Fawn. Lengths 44 to 52 in.

CURZON'S SALE PRICE

19/9

Worth 32/6.

D.B. Mackintosh Trench COAT

Fawn or Navy Blue. Check Rubber lined, with Detachable Wool Lining. ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF.

CURZON'S SALE PRICE

24/9

Worth 42/-.

BOYS' Trench Coats

(from 24 in. to 45 in. long). Check lined and Rubber lined. Made from the famous 4 in 1 Fawn Gabardine material. Made with all-round belt and Buckle; with Straps and Buckles on Cuffs. A Coat that every boy would be proud to wear.

CURZON'S SALE PRICE

22/9

Worth 35/-

MEN'S MACKINTOSH Trench Coat

In Fawn or Navy Blue. This is one of the best lines ever offered. The Coat is full length, double breasted, and with belt. Not only shower-proof, but storm-proof.

CURZON'S SALE PRICE

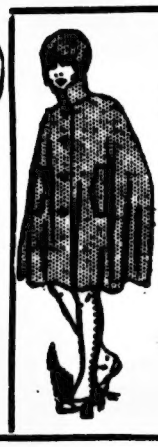
13/9 Worth 22/6.

Boys' & Girls' D.B. TRENCH COATS

Check Rubber lined, 27 in. to 45 in. long (to fit youngsters from 5 to 17 years of age). In Fawn or Navy Blue. Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof. Every seam sewn & covered

CURZON'S SALE PRICE

12/9



LITTLE BOYS' AND GIRLS' CAPES

with Hoods. Sizes 21 in. to 33 in. long. In Navy, Blue, Saxe and Grey Shades. Absolutely Waterproof. (Hoods lined Tartan.)

CURZON'S SALE PRICE

5/6

Worth 8/11.

In addition to the stock of Waterproofs, there is also a stock of Men's SPORTS COATS and TROUSERS.

The Sports Coats are made from All-Wool Irish Tweeds in Grey or Fawn shades. Sizes 34 to 42 in. round chest.

SALE PRICE

13/9

Worth 25/6.

The Trousers are made from durable Tweeds in Medium or Dark Greys or Browns, or in fancy Grey stripes, or in Medium Grey plain flannels.

Size from 34 to 42 waist. When ordering give size round waist and inside leg measure.

ALL ONE PRICE

10/-

Per Pair.

CURZON BROS LTD

All goods are sent Carriage Paid by Parcels Post to your door. For Men and Boys state height and chest measure over waistcoat. Ladies, please give length of coat and bust measure. ALL ORDERS TO—

The Famous London Tailors and Outfitters.

Post Order Dept., **35-37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, LONDON, E.C.4**

All the World knows It's "Curzon's" for Clothes

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters.

BATHING in HOT AIR

by means of the Gem Cabinet is the latest and most up-to-date method of treating Influenza, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Skin Troubles. Used and recommended by Doctors. With the Gem you can obtain in safety and in privacy all the benefits of the most luxurious Turkish Baths. Booklet Post Free.

THE GEM SUPPLIES CO., LTD. (Desk J.B.), 67, Southwark St., LONDON.

EASY TO CLEAN SILVER PLATE.

Factory prices. A £3 article for 35/- carr. pd.

For Everyday Use.

Electro-plate on Nickel Silver

Tea-set, three pieces, 1½ pt. teapot. Heavily silvered inside and out. Solid one-piece bodies, domed bottoms, very easy to clean. Indestructible, even if left on stove. Cheaper than china in the long run. Exactly as illustrated. Very handsome. Worth £3. Our price direct from factory, only 35/- carr. paid. *See them at our risk. Money back if not delighted. Beautiful illustrated price list FREE for post-card*

THE SUNDIAL TRADING CO. (Dept. B.) 20, Charlotte Street, Birmingham.

JUNO CYCLES

From 2/6 Weekly

JUNO Cycles are of the finest construction, workmanship and finish throughout. Beautifully lined, handsomely plated. Our Factory Prices save you pounds.

BRITISH MADE.

CARRIAGE PAID.

GUARANTEE—Our 45 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied.

Cash from £4-15-0

Write for Free Art Lists now. (Dept. Da.)

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., LTD. 146 & 248, Bishopsgate, LONDON, E.C.2

JU-JU'S LUCK

is becoming a byword. It is an amazing magnet of good fortune. Do not despise Ju-Ju's help. This famous Nigerian Mascot almost compels success. Here is proof from actual letters received —

"My luck has changed at last." C. L., London.

"I have been exceptionally lucky." E. G., Boston.

"In a few days my luck started." M. H., Brighton.

"I have been lucky ever since." M. R., Newcastle.

"I only wish I had one sooner." C. G., Manchester.

"It changed my luck straight away." J. S., Leeds.

Say good-bye to ill-fortune. Wear Ju-Ju and win fortune's smile.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } post
9ct. Gold ... £1 } free

JU-JU SOCIETY, 5, Imperial Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Money refunded if not approved.

SEND NO MONEY

Until you have had the Goods for 7 days on approval.

ORDER DIRECT FROM FACTORY this beautiful BEDSTEAD and MATTRESS 49/6 Complete.

SPECIAL OFFER. Delivery FREE 5/- extra.

SPECIFICATION. Finished Light or Dark Oak colour as desired. All steel angles and four Iron Corners. Woven wire mattress with substantial frame. Sizes full 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in. Toilets to match, also Bedsets at equal WONDER Prices. Don't delay. Write this day to :—

WEARDENS FURNITURE, Ltd. (Mail Order Dept. L), 16, UPPER PRIORY, BIRMINGHAM.

THE ART OF DRAWING FOR PROFIT

This book means Money to you. 5/- Make money with your art work.

A book no professional artist or art student can afford to be without.

A book of common-sense, money-getting ideas, facts, suggestions, good practical advice—tells you how to make capital with your art talent.

DO YOU SKETCH?

This book shows you how to sell your drawings, gives you ideas and suggestions that you never heard of. If you want to succeed in the art profession you must not be without this book. You can start right away earning money by applying yourself to the ideas, suggestions, etc., given you therein.

Send P.O. for 5/- to the address below and you will receive the book by return. A post-card will bring you a descriptive leaflet.

The Leaghan Sketch Agency, (Book Dept.), 26 & 28, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

Guard Against "Flu"

Influenza and pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches, rub on Musterole.

A clean, white ointment, Musterole relieves congestion (which is what a cold really is) as effectively as the old-fashioned mustard plaster, but without the blister.

Use Musterole for sore throat, pleurisy, congestion, cold on the chest, sprains, chilblains and sore muscles.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London

ROSE - TREES - ROSES

All on Briar.

Mad. E Herriott, Old Gold, Caroline Testout, K. of K., Gen. McArthur, Lady Hillingdon, Frau K. Druschki, Mrs. Geo. Sawyer, Cheerful, Ophelia, Laurent Carl, Mad. Ravary. The above 12 Roses, 3/-.

6 Lovely Rambler Roses, Pink, Scarlet White, Yellow, Blush, Crimson, 5/-; 3 for 2/9. Standard Roses, 3s.! Tall Weeping Roses, 3/6. 15 Carnations, 1/3. Standard Apples, Pears, Plums, 3/6, 12 Flowering Shrubs, 5/-. Climbing Col. 2/6.

All above Carriage Paid.

Send for our Catalogues. Great Bargains.

LETTS & SON,

Growers - - 18, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

"THE BOLTON"

DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

Carriage Paid on approval!

Ball-bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Cheaper Models from £3:12:6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 390 & 408, Kingsland Road, London, E.8

GRAVES

STYLISH COSTUMES.

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes

All Garments warranted of best make throughout.

From £5 monthly.

The finest qualities, the most becoming fashions.

Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back if in any way disappointed.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

A post card will bring you a complete Range of styles & patterns per return

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 8-3-24. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Pretended" Remnant

Real Seamless Woven GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

CARPETS

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms. Thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 paid during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match, absolutely Free of Charge. Specimen Carpet, Patterns, Rugs, Price Lists, Testimonials, etc., post free. If mentioning "John Bull," 8-3-24, when writing. (Established over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodhey Rd., City of Leeds.

"My Poor Head!"

ZOX relieves Headache and Neuralgia almost immediately. Mention this Journal and enclose 1½d. stamped addressed envelope for Two Free Powders Write THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Gdn., London, E.C.1.

CURED BY ZOX

DON'T BE GREY

Do you LOOK "just as young as you feel"? Those appearing grey hairs tell their tale. Often they put years that you have not reached on your appearance. Keep your hair the natural colour becoming to your looks.

NOTHING BUT VANIT

will do this for you effectually and without the slightest harm to the hair. It gives the exact shade required. Is not removed even with a DAILY SHAMPOO. Get VANIT and permanent satisfaction at the same time. Thousands have sent testimonials—so will you. Sent by return post, securely packed. P.O. 1/6. Research Products, Ltd., 58, Lambert House, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C. 4.

BIG PRICES PAID For OLD FALSE TEETH

Bring the teeth to my address and cash will be paid to you over the counter or fill in coupon, and I will send you

FREE an Addressed Box for sending teeth.

To Mr. E. LEWIS (Desk 29) 24, Warwick St., off Regent St., London W.1.

Sir,—Please send to me an addressed box for sending Old Artificial Teeth that I have for disposal, on the clear understanding that you will return the teeth to me, post paid, if I do not consider your cash offer satisfactory.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Postage ½d. if sent in open envelope.

Also at 29, London St., Southport.

£5 Reward

THE first prize of £5 goes this week to Mr. Arthur White, Fern Villa, High Street, Holbeach, for :

"Extend Londoner's privilege to country folk by a Selfridge weekly bargain page."

The second prize of £1 goes to Mrs. E. King, Croft, Wainfleet, for :

"Selfridge's, London. Family journal. Million women readers. No adverts. for their wants."

Fifty attractive consolation prizes have been sent to other competitors. What advertisement that does not already appear in JOHN BULL would you like to see in these pages? Why would you like to see this advertisement in JOHN BULL? For the best reason—in not more than 12 words, excluding the name of the advertisement—we again offer a prize of £5. In addition, we offer a second prize of £1, and 50 handsome consolation prizes.

Use postcards only.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, providing a separate postcard is used for each attempt.

Address your postcards to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach here not later than the first post Wednesday, March 12.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners

(*Continued from page 31*)

H. T. Hempenstall, 22, Bowly Rd., Gloucester; A. Henderson, Green Lane, Cottage, East Cramlington, North'ld.; F. Hill, 26, Ryland St., Ladywood, B'ham; W. Hodgson, 447, New Chester Rd., Rock Ferry, Cheshire; E. F. Holden, Ivy Cottage, Perry St., Gravesend; W. A. Holmans, 6, Wenvoe Terr., Barry, Glam.; Mrs. A. Horrocks, 11, Range St., Bolton; L. T. Ives, 18, Cornwallis Rd., Maidstone; Miss P. Keene, 101, Lyndhurst Rd., Worthing; P. Kennett, 14, Waverley Av., Beeston, Notts.; R. Kershaw, 13, Beever St., Old Trafford, M/c.; Miss Y. Kirkwood, Hillsborough, Co. Down; L. F. Lewis, Brooklands, Nower Hill Pinner; E. C. Lymbery, 65, Red Post Hill, Herne Hill; R. E. Lodge, 40a, Meltham Rd., Lockwood, Huddersfield; J. McCallum, 84, Comely Bank, Edinburgh; S. F. Mann, High St., Brill, Bucks.; R. Marchant, 182, Fitzroy Av., Belfast; H. Miller, 22n, Zetland St., Monkwearmouth, Sunderland; T. J. Millward, 3, Sandringham Av., Rhyl.; Mrs. A. J. Moore, 31, Earlsbrook Rd., Redhill; H. C. Moses, 52, Wilkinson St., Leigh, Lancs.; G. Muir, 9, Loch View, Newmains, by Wishaw; S. L. Murton, 11, Tregolls Rd., Truro; E. Mynett, 92, Burnt Ash Rd., Lee, S.E.; P. O. Neil, 9, Merdoch Terr., Edinburgh; Mrs. H. Newman, Grange Cottage, Woodbridge; Mrs. E. F. Nurse, 7, Ocklynge Av., Eastbourne; T. Oliver, Post Office, Whittingham, North'ld.; J. E. Palmer, 6, Langrord Terr., Earby, Nr. Colne; W. Partridge, 128, Whitehall Rd., Great Bridge, Tipton; W. A. Pope, 27, Ilan Rd., Abertridwr, Cardiff; B. Richard, Victoria St., Rhos, Wrexham; W. E. Richard, 59, Ann St., Greenock; R. Richardson, 20, Palm St., Longsight, M/c.; M. Ritson, 151, St. Lawrence Sq., Byker, Newcastle; J. Robertson, 217, Lloyd St., Moss Side, M/c.; A. J. Sadler, Gable Cottage, Staines Rd., Bedfont; A. W. Salter, 18, Holly Mount, Hampstead; A. C. Scott, 11, Colenso Pl., St. Austell; W. C. Selby, Bton-Easton, Bath; R. Skelton, Spiway Ironworks, Maryport; M. Sloan, 2, Welford Buildings, Church Steps, Gateshead; R. F. Smith, 41, William St., Tayport; I. Sutherland, 8, Montpellier Parade, Harrogate; E. Taylor, 44, Albany Rd., Cardiff; L. J. Taylor, 7, St. James Rd., Watford; W. H. Tindall, 194, Llandaff Rd., Cardiff; G. Tirebuck, 9, Cemetery Rd., Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent; E. J. Tomkins, 9, North St., Wareham; F. H. Treadder, 34, Clements, Truro; J. Walton, 17, Back Ebenezer Street, Bradford; Miss E. W. Ward, c/o Park Farm, Cotwall, Malvern; Miss W. Waters, 14, Alverstone Rd., Coventry; Mrs. Westacott, 24, Richardson St., Swansea; R. H. White, 3, Fern Villas, Newland Rd., Small Heath, B'ham.; Miss E. Wigham, 19, Hampton Rd., Ilford; F. Wilding, 5, Elm St., Northwich, Ches.; A. Wilkins, 29, Fairbourne Rd., Tottenham; C. B. Williams, 14, Headland Park Rd., Paignton; J. Williams, Min Arran, Dolgelley; J. Winning, 46, Netherkirkgate, Aberdeen; C. Wood, 14, Chester Grove, Edinburgh; J. Yates, 4, Berry St., Skelmersdale, Lancs.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 813 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £252 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 812 can now be seen in the window of Mr. G. KNOOK, 58, Albert Street, Aylesbury.

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MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME Agency.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good com.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

AGENTS, spare-time, make 30/- or more easily per week.—Write, Modern Supply Co., 29, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London.

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AGENTS, America's latest sensation has arrived; a wonderful seller; no competition; demonstrated daily Garages, etc. — Particulars, Commercial, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

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ABOUT A MONTH AGO, an inquiry was sent round by Mr. Wallace Attwood to some of the firm employing Salesmen trained by him, as to progress and earnings. It elicited the following replies; details are open to the inspection of any authorised person: (a) £1,000 a year; (b) £900 to £1,000 a year; (c) £350 a year; (d) £8 a week; (e) £5 a week; (f) (six men) all £7 to £10 a week; (g) (four men) all now District Managers, £500 to £800 a year; (h) £350 to £400 a year; (i) £500 a year; (j) £350 to £400 a year; (k) £7 a week (b £6 a week; (m) £4 a week; (n) £5 a week. Several more reported that Wallace Attwood men are earning in the neighbourhood of £3 to £3 a week. If you want to train during your spare time as a Salesman under one of Britain's leading teachers in Scientific Salesmanship, and secure a similar position in six months, and in any part of the country, when you have completed the Course, apply immediately for an interesting free book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College (Dept. 38 T), 38, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

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STAINLESS CUTLERY
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I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes, published at 2s. 6d.; also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

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COAL 9d. cwt., by using Colasto, magic coal saver. 1 cwt. lasts as long as 2. 9d. a box.—J. Grant Co., 12, Edgecombe Rd., S.E.6.

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Enterprising Stockists wanted in all Towns.

Why keep on buying new safety razor blades? The "CHEMICO" Strop makes one blade give a whole year's velvety shaving-comfort. Scientific process impregnates leather with wonderful new abrasive giving results unobtainable with ordinary strop.

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CHEMICO Scientific Strop "makes a dull Razor keen—a keen Razor kinder."

The "Ease" Lady.

She didn't believe it!

MILLIONS of women want Preservene Soap but do not know it—yet. They have *heard* about it but have not actually tried it. When personally informed of the wonderful results obtained many still make the same remark as the American did when he first saw a giraffe. He didn't believe it!

It is a strange fact that thousands of women are still interested in washing machines which cost large sums of money. All the while there is Preservene Soap stocked by over 30,000 retailers giving them much better washing. The ordinary copper will do the whole thing. Even the laundries do not realise that Preservene Soap *alone* will remove even the most obstinate stains from linen. *All the stains* are dissolved *naturally*—Nature's process is always safe. That is why linen washed with Preservene Soap lasts three or four times as long as when sent to the laundry.

Day after day, women are being converted to the many merits of the famous Soap from Australia. Good velvet dresses (not velveteen), serge dresses and all kinds of materials can be washed with Preservene, and look better than if sent to the dry cleaners. It does not harm the material and costs only a few pence.

Preservene Soap has greater germicidal properties than any other soap. If you want to see how easy it is to remove grease or paint spots write for a FREE sample. Carry out the simple directions and you will be another one added to the thousands of women who will say to their friends—"Eureka"—the right soap at last!

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SOAP FOR EASE

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

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Packed in Silver Foil to preserve the flavour of the aged and matured leaf.

20 for 1/-

Vol. XXXV. No. 927.
Week ending Saturday,
March 8, 1924. Twopence

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

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to Justice
& Truth

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Discipline.

For the moment the Premier has quelled the growing revolt of his left wing, and has instilled into them the Parliamentary lesson that the first duty of the back bencher is to obey the Party Whips.

False Security.

But the calm is more apparent than real. Before long their sullen silence will become vocal, and their votes will go into the Opposition lobby.

Family Jars.

The I.L.P., Mr. MacDonald's own Party, is furious over the Government decision to build cruisers, and there will be some plain speaking at the annual conference, shortly to take place.

Up Against It.

This section is the real force in Labour politics. It cares nothing for the industrial side, and the Prime Minister will have a hard task to convince the conference that he has not sacrificed principles to expediency.

Towards Disruption.

Should he get an adverse vote there will arise an interesting situation. There is a growing feeling that the I.L.P. should secede from the Labour Party, and that point of view will be strongly pressed.

Stupid Inaction.

The Government's attitude of non-intervention in the threatened coal strike is incredible. There should be a judicial inquiry opened without delay, and both men and masters should go into the witness-box.

Six Weeks More.

The time to negotiate is now, before the usual atmosphere of threat and counter-threat has rendered conference sterile.

Wake up, Mr. Shaw!

Successful intervention after a strike may bring glory to the Government, but it is bought at the expense of the nation. There is greater credit in averting a strike than in ending one.

Behind the Scenes.

The real reason why the Poplar "crisis" fizzled out is that Mr. Asquith was badly outmanœuvred by Mr. Lloyd George. The former was for pressing the matter to the limit.

Stolen Thunder.

Mr. Lloyd George never meant to do anything but forestall the Tory attack that was obviously brewing. The fight was to be a sham fight, and his policy carried the day.

The Uncrowned King.

The whole matter showed plainly that while Mr. Asquith is the nominal head, Mr. Lloyd George is the effective leader of the Liberal Party.

Out of his Lair.

Mr. Winston Churchill has more in view than the regaining of a seat in Parliament. Behind the scenes there are influences at work to give him the leadership of the Tory Party, and Winston, like Barkis, is willing.

Telepathy?

There is no Press Trust. Lord Beaverbrook has repeatedly said so. The fact that both he and Lord Rothermere suddenly thought of running Winston Churchill for the Abbey Division of Westminster is, we suppose, a mere coincidence—or telepathy!

Indiscretions.

Mr. MacDonald is still embarrassed by some of his colleagues who cannot curb their eloquence. Mr. Henderson's statement that the revision of the Peace Treaty is essential is a case in point.

Letting the Cat Out.

The Government do, in fact, think so. They intend to press it. But the Premier didn't want his intentions known before he was ready.

Pestilent Prints.

If the Government is in earnest in its crusade against pestilent prints, there is no need to wait for an amendment of the law. The existing law is violated so openly that convictions can be obtained with ease.

Free Travel for M.P.s?

We have no objection to free railway passes for M.P.s. We have every objection to these being first-class. What is good enough for the people should be good enough for their members.

Would They Care?

The obvious danger is that, as they would then suffer no inconvenience, a serious rise in fares would leave them unmoved. The public look for some assurance.

Waking Up.

The National Farmers' Union is wanting increased telephone and postal facilities. It is such a long time since farmers wanted anything but subsidies that we trust Mr. Hartshorn will do something in the matter.

The Trust-busters!

Faced with the oil ring, the Government proposes to leave the commercial side of Anglo-Persian oil in the hands of its directors. This is bad and is playing into the hands of the combine to increase prices.

Fairy Finance.

No sooner does one Minister order economies than another comes forward with plans for spending the anticipated surplus. Time some Party arose pledged to economy first, last and all the time.

Why Wait?

The dock strike is over—the profiteering continues. The Government talked of complete plans to check it. Why not use them?

Palestine and Mespot.

We're still waiting to hear that the Government has decided to get rid of these financial millstones. There are air squadrons here that are needed at home.

Exquisite!

At Northolt is a dump of 1,000 tons of high explosives. A "safety staff" is looking after it. They are to do so until 1926. Why not dump the dump into the sea and save the taxpayer some salary money?

If You See It—

We pressed for months for the recognition of Russia on the grounds that it would help to relieve unemployment—and Russia was at last recognised.

—In "John Bull!"

Now a construction loan is to be raised on condition that all the work is placed in Britain. Our policy has been justified up to the hilt.

Suspicious Silence.

If the Entertainment Tax is abolished will theatrical managers pass on the benefit to the public? Kinema owners are pledged to do so. Time the Theatrical Managers' Association spoke up.

The Right to Die.

We are not impressed by the controversy on this matter. What concerns us is the right to live. The "land fit for heroes" seems as far off as ever.

A Complete Solution.

Immediate steps are to be taken to reform the Poor Law. The Webb Minority Report is ready to hand. It is a complete solution. Why waste time in another inquiry?

A Dangerous Suggestion.

We disagree with the Speaker's suggestion to cut down the number of questions an M.P. may ask on one day. Questions are the only means of extracting information from reluctant Ministers. The right must be preserved.

Inexpert Experts.

Not only coal but shipping is threatening trouble and still the Government refuses to disclose any fixed industrial policy. Are we to conclude it has none?

Men, Women and Children.

The French Government proposes to mobilise the entire nation in the next war. And if the people allow another war to come, that is exactly what they will deserve.

Repentance.

M. Poincaré has definitely admitted that his Ruhr policy has not paid. From that to leaving the Ruhr is a long step, but this admission is the first move.

Hope for Europe.

For the first time since the war a settlement of the reparations muddle is in sight. And for the first time France is preparing to turn to the League of Nations as a partner instead of as an opponent.

Muzzling Merriment.

The Kent County Council are going to fine anyone £5 who sings or makes any other pleasant—or unpleasant—noise in a charabanc. This attempt to penalise pleasure will meet the failure it deserves.

"The Patent Medicine Duty."

The Association of Manufacturers of British Proprietaries takes exception to our recent paragraph on patent medicines. This referred to a section of "quacks," and no reflection was intended on the Proprietary remedies owned by the members of this reputable Association.

Savage "Justice."

Frederick Taylor is only twenty-seven, and when he was fourteen he was given a year in prison for his first offence. At London Sessions he was given eighteen months' for stealing from a house. Savage punishment of boys makes them worse citizens—not better!

A White Sin.

For ten long years Frederick Lewis, a former crook, of Ernest Street, Notting Hill, fought against temptation and kept a clean sheet, but the call of his suffering daughter proved too much, and he again fell. The sick girl was about to undergo an operation, but the house was without a particle of food for the invalid, and in her hour of need Lewis resorted to theft to obtain nourishment. Luckily, a considerate cadi put him on probation.

Beating a Dumb Boy.

But for the intervention of his wife, Thomas Briggs, Marshalls Buildings, Tower Bridge, would have been in prison to-day. This unfeeling wretch beat his stepson, a deaf mute aged seven years, with a broomstick until the little lad was a mass of bruises. No wonder the magistrate said it was a "grievous and loathsome offence." For the three months that the summons has been adjourned, a close watch should be kept on Briggs.

A Barefeet Feat.

No blare of trumpets has heralded the courageous action of Daniel Divers of 26, Rose Street, South Side, Glasgow, but for valour his deed will take a lot of beating. Finding that a tenement dwelling below his home was in flames, he burst open the locked door, and in his bare feet made two heroic entrances to rescue unconscious Mrs. Kildare and her two children. Well played, Dan!

M'Lord o' the High Road.

Lord Granby is again in conflict with the townsfolk of Bakewell. The trouble has arisen over the question of certain footpaths which have been closed to the public by the Marquis. Workmen, under the supervision of the surveyors of Bakewell, together with hundreds of townspeople, have visited the Haddon Meadows and, amid cheers, barriers and notice boards were torn down and trampled on. The people mean to make a bold fight for these favourite walks which have been used for generations. Who can blame them?

Work and Wages.

At Wisbech, Cambs., a number of men who would otherwise be unemployed, are engaged in cleansing the river Nene, arduous work for which they are paid 26s. 10d. a week net. At a recent Council meeting three zealous protectors of the public purse named Selby, Jeffree, and Lambert, voted that the matter be referred back to a Committee for reconsideration on the ground that this wage was excessive, and wished it reduced to 24s. 10d. a week net. We wonder how this trio of economists would like to have to support their families on such a miserable pittance.

Scum out of the Scrum.

Walter Ernest Simons, a one-time Northern Union Rugby player, is a lucky man. When his wife had given him £50 to book their passages to Canada he posed as a single man to Mary Barker, of Bradford. Mary, fascinated by his personality, was persuaded to elope and live with him as his wife in Edinburgh. The deluded girl is now back with her parents, and Simons gets off scot-free since Mrs. Simons has withdrawn her charge and taken him back.

Snow-white Elephants.

It is usually very easy to be recklessly generous with other people's money—the Middlesex County Council, however, prefer to be generously reckless. They have spent many thousands on the purchase of three farms near Uxbridge to turn into small holdings. They have established 60 holders there at an expense of £5,000 per man, while the administration of the estate and central farm has shown a loss of £15,000 for the last 18 months. The Estate is the whitest of white elephants, for the holdings are let at a figure so high that the poor holder must go bankrupt. Meanwhile the ratepayers still pay.

Margaret Leahy.

What has become of Margaret Leahy, the film star found in the rough by a newspaper, and who was to have been polished into picture immortality by Norma Talmadge? Other film aspirants would like to know.

Robbing His Helper.

An unusual case of a deaf mute being charged by another deaf mute was heard at Reigate, when Percy Browning was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing £1 and wearing apparel from Albert Bush of Station Road, Redhill. Browning, who was out of work, was given food and shelter by Bush, whose generosity he repaid by ransacking the house. Perhaps, being deaf, he had never heard of the Good Samaritan.

Magistrates Who Help.

It was lucky for George West, a young naval pensioner swindled by a horse-coper, that when he was accused of working an unfit pony he came before big-hearted Mr. Clarke Hall, at Old Street. Through that magnificent man's appeal, the public has subscribed for a sound cob for West. At the presentation the ex-sailor expressed warm thanks. Magistrates like Mr. Clarke Hall who help the unlucky are a credit to the Law and the country!

The Hidden Baby.

Trembling and terrified, a sixteen-years-old servant girl peered over the iron rails of the dock in which she stood at the Manchester Assizes Court. A prurient scoundrel had betrayed her, and when her babe was born dead she concealed its little body to hide her story from a world that shows scant mercy to any who sin. The judge set her free. The pity is he did not order the man to be brought before him.

The Human Machine.

HOW TO CONCENTRATE (1).

By E. R. Thompson, M.A.

WE have seen the importance of concentration to secure smooth and efficient work. Let us now see how to bring this state of mind about.

The root of the whole matter is interest.

Concentration merely means the power of giving undivided attention to something. Where we are interested in that something, this close attention follows automatically.

There is no such thing as inattention. A man who is not attending to the work he is supposed to be doing is not in a state of attending to nothing.

He is actively attending to something else outside his work.

The trouble is that his work does not interest him: his mind wanders off it to something that does interest him.

If you who read this are a young man searching for a career, make certain that your choice falls on something that interests you.

Be sure that you will never make a success of work that fails to rouse your interest. You will not be able to give it enough attention.

If you are already tied to work that is uninteresting—what then?

Make it interesting!

There is no job in the world that has not got its interesting side if you look for it hard enough.

Take a pride in your work. Set for yourself a standard. Criticise yourself.

Above all take a fresh viewpoint.

If you really search for the interesting side of a job you will be astonished to find how quickly you will find it.

And once you have created some interest you will automatically begin to attend.

You will begin, in other words, to concentrate.

When you do that you will be well on the road to becoming an expert.

The Price of a Kiss.

Just as a train was about to leave Birkenhead, Percy Brennan, a young married man of Lightfoot Street, Hoole, jumped into the same carriage as a servant girl, and when the train entered a tunnel he embraced and kissed her. As a result of his amorous behaviour, however, Brennan has been fined 40s. and has lost his job as a railway gas-fitter. The moral seems to be: Kiss the girls who want to be kissed by you!

Right Among the People.

The Rev. George Potter, vicar of St. Chrysostom, Peckham—the "fighting parson," as he is called, because of his skill in wrestling and boxing—who has been house-hunting for three months, has taken up his abode in what was a little back street public house called "The Eagle." The bar, which still reeks of beer, is now an office where church business is done. "I haven't had walls so close to me for three months," says the vicar, "but I like being here, where I'm right among the people." That's the spirit!

Maimed War-winner.

"It seems an extraordinary thing to have sent a man into the trenches before the wound had healed," remarked the coroner who inquired into the death of William James Pearson, a ticket collector, of Hammersmith. His widow said he was badly hit, but sent back to the trenches with an unhealed wound which burst open. Yet he was kept in the firing line and wounded again. His death, said a doctor, was hastened by the wounds. Such men won the war. The Minister of Pensions owes a pension to his widow.

Unfit to Live.

William Thomas Potter, of Combe Street, Chard, is a loathsome beast. When he pleaded guilty at Axminster to an indecent assault on a little girl of eight, it was stated that he had four times previously been convicted of similar offences. Rather than keep the child's mind dwelling on such an awful experience in anticipation of giving evidence at the Assizes, the Magistrates dealt summarily with the case, inflicting the maximum sentence in their power, six months' hard labour. This is a matter in which the law is badly in need of amendment.

In Darkest Lancashire.

We pity Lancashire lasses who are initiated into industrial life at Collinge's rag mill, Diggle, near Oldham. When William Platt was charged with indecently assaulting a girl of seventeen who went to work there, a solicitor appearing for his defence stated that the disgusting obscenity described was a custom which prevailed at the mill. He offered to plead guilty to common assault. This plea was accepted and the filthy young cad was fined £5. And there was a woman Magistrate on the Bench!

Justifiable Birth Control.

Mr. Justice McCardie deserves complimenting not merely on the sanity of his views but also on having the courage publicly to express them. At the Winchester Assizes he advocated the sterilisation of men and women who are mentally diseased. The Act of 1913 was designed to prevent mentally afflicted people begetting children, but human nature is difficult to bring within the control of legislation. An amendment to the Act would put this matter straight; sterilisation would ensure that the world would not be burdened with children of infirm minds

It Might be Your Child.

Baby Thomson, of 13, Kimberley Place, Harehills, Leeds, was suffering from whooping-cough. The doctor had ordered a lamp which gives off a medicated vapour to be kept burning at the bedside. The house was still, and the little sufferer seemed to have been lulled to slumber, when the lamp burst into flames and set fire to the bedclothes. The sequel was a sorrowful little funeral and grief which no money can console. Yet the JOHN BULL Insurance Scheme relieved the financial distress attending the tragedy. The same thing might happen in your home. Are you a registered reader? If not, register now!

Painful Butchery.

No one who goes into a slaughter house and sees a dumb animal knifed or pole-axed relishes the sight. The humane killer does the job more swiftly, and some local authorities make the use of it compulsory. And why not all? If we must kill animals for food let us do it without exposing them to torture.

Little Rascals.

Three Brighton boys, none of them more than eleven, pleaded guilty to stealing collecting boxes and so robbing the hospitals and charities. So many mean sneak-thieves are concentrating on this despicable theft that shop-keepers generous enough to make room on or near their premises for a box will do well to keep an eye on it, and see that money is put in—not taken out!

Where Letters Go.

The mystery of missing letters is partly solved by the apprehension of men like Horace Leonard Watson, who rose to be overseer of Stoke Newington Sorting Office in thirty-nine years, assisted in investigating complaints, and at the same time stole a letter containing £2 10s. He earned £7 a week, but now he has no job except that of prisoner in the second division for twelve months. Letter thieves cause endless trouble to the public, and must be cleared out of the Post Office.

Rags and Riches.

Figures given as to the earnings of beggars by the Rev. W. Mahon, of Wakefield, are by no means out of the way. A London beggar told him he could do seventy streets a day, and if he averaged 2d. a street it was £3 10s. a week. A rascal who begged a stamp to post a letter to his "dying brother," netted 15s. in six hours. A clean up of rascals is needed in town and country, so that there will be more charity for the thousands of really deserving cases.

The Tragic Mother.

Ada Kaslofski, a domestic servant who drowned her infant child, was told by a doctor that her baby suffered from paralysis, and she thought the poor mite was doomed to a life of suffering. The prosecution accepted her statement that she did not do it for wickedness, but that was no legal defence. Last November she was sentenced to death, but is now in jail for life. May we remind the Home Secretary that the quality of mercy is not strained?

Leadbeater Again.

In *Theosophy in the British Isles*, a monthly magazine devoted to the service of brotherhood, religion and occultism, there are two articles on C. W. Leadbeater, one by Charles Blech which tells us that Leadbeater likes to have the windows flung right open, and another by Hilda M. Powell, who describes Leadbeater as "The Great Man." Readers ask if this is the same Leadbeater who was described by a judge as holding opinions unfitting him to be a tutor for boys. He is.

The Yellow Peril.

Little white girls may not know what it means for them to associate with yellow men and submit to their embraces, and that is a greater reason why the activities for their protection must be continued. The dope dens with their vicious scenes must be suppressed; the men concerned in them deported. In one Manchester vice-place a girl of nineteen has consorted with a yellow man of forty in an atmosphere of dope and worse horrors. No wonder that when found she was in a state of nervous exhaustion.

Too Sharp.

A word of warning seems necessary against an individual styling himself L. Franks, General Merchant, Cromwell House, High Holborn, London, W.C. He advertises "genuine U.S.A. Gillette blades," and guarantees to "refund money in full if the goods are not as advertised." On receipt of the money he sends old blades which have apparently been used and are in a filthy condition, and resolutely refuses to reply to complaints. Sharpness is desirable in razor blades, but this shoddy salesman is too sharp.

"If You See It——"

Three weeks ago we predicted a dramatic development in the Brixton murder case, saying that somebody else might yet stand in the dock with Mason in the witness-box. A day or so ago the daily Press, waking up with a start, came out with "exclusive" stories forecasting the same thing. We congratulate the Press on finding out what we told the public three weeks before!

Gold Coast Scoundrels.

We must again warn readers against the wiles of Gold Coast niggers. A "Bullets" prizewinner recently received four weird communications by the same post from these gentry, who addressed her as "Dear unknown Sister," and invited correspondence. Such letters should be ignored. If they are answered, they are often followed up by visits from some coloured scoundrel.

Tricking the Maimed.

One of the causes of the depression that led to Captain George Buchanan McClure, who was badly hit at Loos while with the Black Watch, committing suicide was his bitter experiences in the Far East, where he had been sent on a hopeless job. Someone in London painted a rosy picture, and the poor fellow thought it would come true. Tricking the maimed is a cowardly swindle that must be stamped out!

In Bond.

Some people are willing to lend all they have and all you want on terms. They should not also borrow all that you can spare. Lendall, Limited, of 94, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W., might ponder this. They are advertising for a clerk at £3 10s. a week, and applicants are asked to lend them £100 as security. We have been asked our advice by a number of applicants, and we tell them to keep their money. Lendalls might well be satisfied by a fidelity bond.

Problems of Life.

THE POWER OF RIDICULE.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE ancient Greeks used to say that it was better to be envied than pitied—a maxim which displayed a shrewd knowledge of human nature.

Most men can endure hatred better than ridicule.

Britons are peculiarly sensitive to ridicule; and their natural conservatism, conjoined to their sense of humour, tempts them to employ the weapon of ridicule very freely as a means of social censure.

We are more intolerant of singularity than any people in the world, and individually much afraid of appearing different from our fellows: we always tend to make a joke of originality or of any marked departure from the commonplace.

Yet, taken on the whole, there is nothing more irrational than ridicule, and at times it may be a great evil.

Ridicule has killed many things that deserved to live: anything can be ridiculed.

Merit has frequently been laughed to death before being understood and reverenced.

It has been said that great fructifying truths pass through three stages—ridicule, angry opposition, final acceptance. The first stage is the hardest.

Ridicule is a salutary medicine for pomposity and pretentiousness but harmful to gifted natures that lack self-confidence.

We should encourage, not scoff at, experimental variations from the normal.

We are never at our best where we are held cheap; we can hardly help sinking below our true level when made the butt of contemptuous hilarity.

Two good rules to follow with respect to these facts are:—Learn to form independent and considered judgments of your own, and let no ridicule move you from them.

Also, never visit ridicule upon any sincere conviction: you may do more mischief than you know.

A Dark Horse.

We are accustomed to the wildly extravagant claims made by touting turf tipsters, but the assertions of Lewis Healey, 58, Warwick Avenue, Maida Vale, London, W., make even us gasp. After asking for £2 for a tip for the Lincoln—"a better price horse than White Bud last year"—he springs this upon gullible punters. "I now know of a two-year-old that not a living soul has ever seen do its work that will win the great Derby this year." What is its name—Nightmare?

What Government Department?

Some time ago two men called on Mrs. Gill, of Hinderwell, Yorks, and said they represented the Government. They took from her the medals of her dead husband, and a shilling instalment towards the sum of 13s. 6d. for which they were to make frames. Although she is willing to pay she cannot get the medals back from Mr. G. W. Smith, one of the men, who gave an address in Garfield Avenue, Bradford. She cannot even get a reply to her letters. Many others make the same complaint.

Another Mail Order Specialist.

Claiming to have been established in 1908, W. F. Johnson, "Mail Order Specialist," 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C., offers a course of tuition in the mail order business for a fee of £2 2s. It is strange that we should be unable to find any reference to such an old-established concern in any directory, and that Johnson should use circulars identical with those of H. A. Chesterfield and W. J. Ballard, the two "simultaneous" artists at the game whom we have often exposed. Has the duet become a trio?

Kidding the Kiddies.

We wonder how many children's money boxes have been emptied to provide profits for the "Wonder Co.," 43, George Street, Weston-super-Mare. Impressed by an advertisement: "Magic Tricks, etc. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Astonishes. Mystifies. Imitates Birds, Beasts," in a juvenile periodical, a little boy sent them a shilling. All he received was a price list of conjuror's accessories and a few penny squeakers. We are not surprised that the "Wonder Co." stipulate "Business by Post only."

A Die-hard Diddler.

W. R. Lloyd, who carries on business as the "Universal Trading Co.," 89, Cornwallis Road, London, N., is a die-hard among diddlers. The latest complaint comes from a boy whom he unexpectedly addressed as "Dear Friend," and informed that he had awarded a prize of one of his famous watches, which could be obtained by sending the price of a chain to wear with it. Lloyd prints four telephone numbers on his note-paper, but the directory shows that they all relate to his business as a "Turf Accountant."

The Tea Bonus Bubble.

Although the tea bonus bubble has been blown so high that it should have burst long ago, M. Gilchrist, proprietor of the "Empire Supply Stores," 100, Bain Street, Glasgow, is busily engaged puffing more wind into it. It surprises us that anyone should be so foolish as to be lured by vague promises of cash gifts into purchasing tea at inflated prices when they can do so much better at their grocer's. "No specified time is set for payment to any particular customer or district." Customers may take the tea for years and derive no benefit.

Mug-hunting Simplified.

A respectable firm who advertised for agents forward us a communication received from an individual named A. H. Gorton, 37, Crown Street, Liverpool, offering to supply them with "a list of five hundred actual purchasers who are actively interested in homework schemes," for a fee of 30s. Such an offer is one which no straightforward concern is likely to entertain for a moment, though it might interest mug-hunters seeking fresh victims. We wonder how Gorton knows that the people on his list are "actively interested in homework schemes." Has he sucked them himself?

Ring Down the Curtain

ONE of the most astonishing things in this wonderful world is the prolonged immunity from prosecution enjoyed by certain people.

It puzzles us, for instance, to understand why the curtain has not long since been rung down on the crooked career of an individual named Will Waite, of 77, Fowler Street, Derby, who describes himself as a "scenic artist, etc.," and advertises his willingness to provide stage organisations, professional or amateur, with scenery, fit-ups, draperies and dresses, new or second-hand, for sale or hire.

At the head of his notepaper he prints the words "Broken Bonds." Possibly this is the name of a company which he has at some time or other supplied with scenery; it is singularly appropriate as a motto indicating his business methods.

Will Waite is well named. Apparently everything will wait, once he has got the money for orders.

Last June a Scottish amateur dramatic society advertised for a drop curtain, and Waite replied offering a brand new set trimmed with gold braid and tassels, complete with lines, rings and weights, all ready for hanging, for £6 10s., and saying he had laid it aside in anticipation of the order. A cheque was sent and acknowledged by him on July 10, with the intimation that the goods were being railed "to-morrow."

To cut a long story short, this was one of the "to-morrows" that never came, and a month later the police were communicated with. The Chief Constable of Derby replied, "Many complaints have been received respecting the unsatisfactory business methods of the above-named during the past few years. He has been interviewed with reference to your order, and says the goods will be despatched forthwith. Should you not receive satisfaction I would advise County Court action."

On pressure being applied through a local solicitor, Waite at the end of the year sent some material, not made up, and six yards short of the amount required, worth only about £2 10s., and has since ignored all communications.

This is not an isolated instance of Waite's nasty ways. In reply to another customer, the Chief Constable has since written, "I have received numerous complaints respecting his having received money for goods which he has not been in a position to supply. No criminal action has yet been taken. A threat of civil action appears to have no effect upon him."

There should surely be no difficulty in formulating a charge on which this systematic swindler so well-known to the police, could be convicted.

Waite wrote to one complainant, "Am awaiting your advert. in JOHN BULL with interest." In this, at all events, he will not be disappointed. We hope it may be the signal to ring down his curtain.

A Great Dope Syndicate

WHAT are the authorities doing to stop the traffic in drugs? The dope-peddling Chinamen in this country are busier than ever, and behind them is working a powerful syndicate. Will the police act on the information we give below?

ONCE again the attention of the public must be drawn to the scandal of the dope-peddling Chinamen in this country.

Nine Chinamen were sent to jail in Manchester last week after a police raid. Some of these men had been specifically mentioned in our columns as notorious dope-dealers, and the police were invited to watch them.

The men refused to tell where they got the dope from; and they were all recommended for deportation with one exception, Quong Chin, who has a boy attending school in this country.

All Chinamen who are convicted for dope-dealing in this country ought to be deported. We do not want this kind of immigrant to settle here and bring up English-speaking children to learn the evil ways of their vicious and non-moral parents.

We can tell the police where much of the dope reaching this country comes from. There is a powerful Syndicate now at work with headquarters at Pekin. Its working head is Sui Fong, formerly of Limehouse Causeway.

The Pekin Syndicate, which has hundreds of thousands of pounds invested in the deadly traffic, and agents all over the world, is interested in drug distributing concerns in Europe, with factories at Darmstadt and Basle. A German representative, Oscar Steinhouse, who succeeded in getting into this country recently with a mystery woman from Vienna, is busy visiting his agents in London and Manchester. The dope in the Manchester case is thus accounted for. Why is he at large?

There is also a notorious barber and his wife at Dentz, just across the Rhine from Cologne, working for the dope Syndicate and trying to induce British soldiers to bring dope to England. The profit is enormous. In certain Cologne cafés you can buy a pound of cocaine for £7 10s. Dope addicts in England will pay pounds for a pinch of it.

One of the worst features of the Chinese menace in this country is the increasing frequency with which young girls are found on raided premises. No white girls ought to be allowed to work in Chinese laundries. The men who run them are, with few exceptions, dope peddlers and ruffians of the lowest moral character.

At home in China the national practice is to marry girls of twelve to fourteen years of age, and they have no respect for childhood. Little girls, orphans and waifs are picked up by these rascals, who provide them with money and nice dresses.

The girls are taught to take part in opium orgies, and the things they have to do, at the bidding of their yellow keepers, dead to all sense of decency and inflamed and excited by the drug, are too horrible to describe or even to contemplate.

The half-naked dancing girl of the East is modesty itself compared to the poor white girl slaves who are now a regular feature of dope orgies in Chinatown.

One of the specialists in facilitating the work of the Syndicate was the notorious Ya Fu Kichi Miyagwa. When the police recently arrested him they thought they had got the "king" of the Dope Traffic. They are wrong. He was certainly a big figure in it, and a quarter of a million of money went through his bank account in a few months.

But what of the mysterious Chinaman with whom he was so often seen in the West End of London? If the police had got *him*, as they might have done, they would have the real Power behind the Dope Throne.

A few months ago Scotland Yard detectives seized a consignment of dope in mid-ocean worth £125,000. They also, in the same way, seized six hundred pounds of cocaine and heroin, worth many thousands of pounds, which was despatched from Basle as "cocoa powder" and on its way to Canada.

A group of dope traffickers awaited its arrival in Halifax. The police knew where it came from, and where it was going. Did they follow up the clues? If not, why not? Is it that divided authority among the international police is the safeguard of the criminals?

Another agent of the Syndicate is a Spaniard at Sarria, who gets his supplies of dope from a factory at Santander. He sends it to this country by registered post. This rascal used to circularise schoolboys offering them indecent postcards. He is well known to the Spanish police.

The Syndicate is now concentrating on Canada, and has a branch in Winnipeg. Canadian authorities are alarmed.

Canada, no doubt, will look after itself in its own effective way. We should be glad to think that this country was not regarded by the Syndicate as such easy ground to work.

And it is up to the authorities to make it more difficult ground.

Will they take action *now*? Or will they wait until it is too late?

The Marriage Market

BRUTAL in the extreme was the crime that ended the days of Mrs. Hudson or Reaney, the Bradford widow who was found in her room with her head battered in. Amid much that is mysterious about the crime, one thing clear is that it was through the medium of a bogus matrimonial advertisement that victim and assassin were brought into contact.

There are far too many of these matrimonial sharks seeking victims among credulous women, and they are aided by the existence of an increasing number of matrimonial agencies keeping up the pretence of guaranteeing the integrity of all who have recourse to them. As a matter of fact, not one of the advertising "agencies" undertaking to bring partners together in this way is in a position to guarantee anything about his clients.

Private enquiry agents called in to handle blackmailing and similar cases arising out of these "introductions with a view to matrimony," are well aware that most of the "regulars" at the game make their living by getting into touch with women of means to whom they make love until they have obtained all the money they can get.

Some of the sharks are registered with more than one of the matrimonial agencies, and some are even registered more than once with the same agency. In one instance the shark is described as a retired stock-broker who has been so busy making money that he has not up to then had time to cultivate the opposite sex. He seeks now a partner with a few hundred pounds to add to his accumulation.

In the other case the same man is representing himself as a retired Civil Servant seeking a wife with a small capital to supplement his pension. Whether the victim is attracted to the stockbroker or the Civil Servant the result is the same. She soon finds herself parted from her savings and her ardent suitor.

It is no exaggeration to say that many of these rascals could not carry on but for the facilities afforded them by the advertising "agencies."

And not only the matrimonial agencies are useful to the sharks for this purpose. The Circles or Clubs such as the Universal Correspondence Club, Cambridge Mansions, W., are pressed into service freely, for they are invaluable for this game.

Women in search of husbands through the agencies or other women seeking "friendship" through the Correspondence Clubs foolishly imagine that the *bona fides* of every name given to them have been established, and that they can be certain that the man with whom they correspond is the soul of honour. The fact is that he may be one of the worst crooks outside of prison walls.

And victims are easily found, as many a "lonely" woman who has been trapped into these friendships can testify. We suggest that the authorities should exercise their right to inspect the registers of these agencies and "circles."

Huge Insurance Scandal

OVER twenty million pounds are involved in the Insurance Act we deal with here. The question of lapsed policies has always been veiled, but the startling revelations we give should make the position clear to the sufferers.

A SCANDAL of the gravest magnitude, involving the working-classes of this country in the possible loss of something like twenty million pounds of their own hard-earned money, has passed almost unnoticed by the public.

Here is the matter in a nutshell. When war broke out a special Act was passed to protect policy-holders in industrial assurance companies. It was enacted that their policies should not lapse during the war because their premiums were in arrear, or for any similar reason.

The magnitude of the interests which were thus protected is not easily realised. Industrial assurance is the only protection which the thrifty poor can provide for themselves. In one year it has been found that the number of policies of this class in existence was over fifty million. And in one year twenty-five million pounds was collected in premiums. The average sum insured was about ten pounds; the average weekly premium about 2½d.

These figures show that the people of this country who are thus insuring were the very people the Government ought to protect, the people who, out of their scanty resources, pay their weekly pence so that their relatives may at least be assured of the last tribute of a decent burial.

Those who thus scrape together their scanty coppers are not well protected. Out of every shilling they pay nearly half goes in expenses of one kind and another. The shareholders of the Companies get very handsome dividends, and the directors of the bigger concerns get salaries that might well make a cabinet minister gasp with envy.

What makes it possible to pay these big dividends, and these enormous salaries, is the fact that so many of these policies, taken out by struggling people, lapse because when hard times come they cannot continue to pay the premium. The policy dies, and the money paid on them is lost.

In the year before the war five million policies of this kind lapsed. In one Company, for instance, out of less than ten million policies taken out in six years over six million policies lapsed. The loss to the poor in this case involves terrible suffering, and completely undermines their faith in thrift and its advantages.

It was to safeguard them during the war that the special protecting Act was passed. That Act has now expired, but an attempt has been made to extend it by the Industrial Assurance Act to protect something like four million policies belonging to the working-classes, and twenty million pounds paid in premiums.

Unless this further Act is understood by the people concerned, it will mean the loss of all this money which will be retained by the Company. Never before has so large a sum of money belonging to the working-classes been endangered in such a manner.

The great merit of the Emergency Act was that it kept alive policies which would otherwise have lapsed long before for non-payment of premiums. That is to say, where a death had occurred, the money insured could be claimed less the amount of premiums in arrear.

But hardly anybody amongst the ill-informed people who constitute the great majority of policy-holders knew anything about this Act!

Hundreds of thousands of pounds are lying in the coffers of the insurance companies, which belong to poor, hard-working people who do not know of their rights!

Take a typical case. A poor Hull woman of seventy, insured her married daughter in 1910, but, during the war, was unable to continue the premiums. Three years ago her daughter died, leaving behind a family of young children. The old lady knew nothing of the Act. She thought her policy had lapsed. Her claim was taken up for her, and, to the extent of twenty-three pounds, admitted by the Company concerned.

Now, the purpose of this article is to tell all those entitled to claim on the death of an insured relative since 1914, and who have been under the impression that the policy had lapsed that they are *yet in time* to claim their money. But they must act at once. The claims must be sent in *immediately*, before the period of grace expires.

The Companies will not tell them of the rights. The Act of Parliament, with extraordinary carelessness, omitted to compel them effectively to do so. There remains the question of policies which have lapsed, but which have not matured by the death of the insured. Under the new Industrial Assurance Act it is enacted that the policy-holder can keep it alive under the following conditions: That he pays the arrears within six months after the Companies have published the notice of his rights, which they were bound to do within three months after June 7, 1923.

Where the Companies have not given notice until September, the right to maintain the policy exists until March 7, 1924. And where a person has died, the right to collect on the policy exists for another eighteen months. But we have no confidence that the Companies will succeed in making known to everybody concerned their rights in this matter, which affects millions of poor homes throughout this country.

The Tale of a Plough

CINCINNATUS, that noble old Roman, left his plough to become dictator, and after he had defeated the enemies of his country, returned to the plough again. The incident is commemorated in the name of the American city, Cincinnati.

Fortunately, this gallant old Roman had a plough to return to. That is where he had the pull over Mr. G. Simpson, of Spennymoor, County Durham, who may never now have a town called after him.

Mr. Simpson bought a plough, a much more alluring, complicated affair than old Cincinnatus used to juggle with. It was a "Horti-Plow."

The way you worked it was by a steel cable, anchored at the far end of the field. You jigged the handle of your plough up and down, which wound the cable round its anchorage, and pulled the plough through the ground. (Patent No. 130437.)

Our description may have done it an injustice, inadequately describing its technique. We hasten, therefore, to say in its favour that it won a silver medal at the Royal Show, Cambridge, in 1922, and another at the Dublin Show in the same year. We are told that it can be worked with ease by a man, or a woman, or a child, doing work that hitherto required a man and a horse.

We are further told, on the authority of a gratified user, that "a gentleman who knows the Sudan said the plough would be just the thing for the smallholders of that country."

We do not know whether any fuzzy-wuzzy Sudanese farmer desiring to improve the agricultural methods inherited by his race from the late and lamented Tutankhamen will be enterprising enough to write to Mr. Simpson for his opinion of the "Horti-Plow." If he does, he is likely to get an answer of something like equatorial heat.

You see, Mr. Simpson has not got his plough. He bought it, and he paid for it, and he got a receipt. He would rather have had a plough even though it was spelt "plow."

He bought it from a firm called Motes, Ltd., of Palace Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W. 1. (Telephone Victoria 4190.) Every now and again he writes pathetically to Motes to ask for his plough.

He does not get it.

We have written twice to the firm, but have been unable to get a reply.

It is a sad ending to a rustic idyll with the "Horti-Plow," and the silver medals, and Mr. Simpson's eight pounds two shillings and sixpence.

Mr. Simpson digs his lonely furrow as Adam delved while Eve spun, and does not associate, in his home, sweet home, pleasures and Westminster palaces.

The Black Country

MEN are supposed to love darkness rather than light for a fairly well-known reason. That may—or may not—explain why so many sweating-labour works are hidden away in the backyards of Birmingham. There is a veritable network of these small concerns, engaged mainly in the button-making or tin-stamping trades, that are notoriously sweating shops.

Birmingham has, as a result, become the worst town in the country for breaches of the Trades Board Act.

Prior to the war, 2½d. per hour was paid to the women and girls employed in these trades; now, however, the Trades Board puts the minimum at 4½d. and 6d. per hour. But there are scores of factories where 2d. per hour is the *maximum*.

A Birmingham Company provides an interesting case. The Trades Board inspector visited the workshop. He questioned two workers, who told him what a little they were getting for such a lot of hours. Two days later they were both paid off by the firm and told there was no more work for them, although other women were started on the jobs they had left.

Councillor Mrs. Flattery, of Smethwick, who is especially active in tracking down cases of sweated labour, has just received a letter from a girl whose job is plaiting leather buttons. There are twelve women engaged in this particular shop and the highest paid was getting £1 per week until recently when this was reduced to 15s.

This firm was summoned for these breaches of the Act, and was fined £10 in the first case and 10s. in each of the other eleven. They were also ordered to pay to the girls nearly £30 which was due to them on account of short wages.

Councillor Flattery is now dealing with another case of a girl, over twenty-one years of age and with nearly four years experience in the soft-goods trade, who is now making overalls and blouses. The Trade Board rate is 7½d. per hour, but the firm manages to avoid this by putting the workers on piece-work, and the piece prices are so low that by sweating a full week they may manage to earn 16s.

This same firm employs a number of home-workers, mainly on silk evening-dress work. For this terribly trying work they pay 6s. 6d. per dozen dresses. The firm meets Councillor Flattery's complaints by stating that it is the fault of the workers—if they would work quicker, they would earn more!

There are hundreds of cases that come under the Stamped and Pressed Metal Trade Board. Many firms deliberately ignore the Trade Board rates laid down in 1914 and 1920—women work 74 hours per week for 15s., and many girls get but a few shillings per week.

The evils can only be grappled with by the workers becoming better organised and by the Trade Board's appointing more inspectors.

A Court Cameo.

That One Fatal Step

"IT takes many long weary years to build up a fine record like yours; but it only needs one fatal step to smash that record for ever." And none realises the bitter truth of this more than the well-set-up, elderly man who faces the Bench at the Birmingham Police Court.

For thirty years John William Robertson was in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers; he served in the front line of trenches in France for many months; four years ago he retired as regimental sergeant-major and with an unimpeachable character. But peace hath her defeats no less than war.

The magistrate remarks that it is a painful case. A white-haired woman at the back of the court can feel the stab of the pain with every quick intake of breath. For her this ornate police court is a place of infinite torture . . . . her hero-man is drinking the bitter cup to the dregs.

Robertson had gone into a local store with his daughter, whom he had left in one department while he wandered through others. When they met again he handed her a parcel: "Carry this. We will go home now."

But that was not to be. He was detained and the parcel examined. Now he stands in the dock charged with shop-lifting . . . "it only needs one fatal step . . ."

Grasping the rail of the dock, Robertson pleads guilty. Every now and then his eyes seek those of the white-haired sufferer at the back of the court. But that little woman sees nothing—with eyes suffused with tears, she can but listen and hope . . . . "there is the First Offenders' Act," she repeats to herself with painful optimism.

"Is my record to count for nothing?" Robertson is pleading with shamed face. "My character is untarnished. This is the first time I have ever made a slip. Please take into account my Army record and deal leniently with me."

Everyone present suffers with that white-haired woman. This smart, military-looking man in the dock has life behind him—a credit to him. The couple deserve the twilight of life to be bathed in the soft rays of the setting sun.

The Man on the Bench listens as he has listened to many other such pleas. He knows only the Law. And the Law has been broken. 'Tis true, Robertson is a credit to the Army with his unbroken record, but . . . "it only needs one fatal step—"

And then he speaks—into the face of that painful appeal, into the face of that suffering woman—"two months' hard labour."

There is a murmur at the back of the court. Then a girl's voice: "Oh, dad. What about mother?"

A broken man is hustled to the cells. Pension is sacrificed. Home darkened. Twilight turned to midnight gloom.

Men who Escape the Law

WHY does not the Public Prosecutor institute proceedings against the many company promotors who take money from the public and then go bankrupt? Here we draw the Department's attention to a few cases which obviously call for action.

WHAT is wrong with the Department of the Director of Public Prosecutions?

It is an expensive Department to the country. We should certainly like to see a little more enterprise in this governmental bureau whose functions are so important.

We have constantly drawn its attention to serious cases in which, in the public interest, we have thought that some action should be taken. It is sadly disappointing to find on how many occasions an appeal has been fruitless.

In the case of Marchants, Limited, a fraudulent investment-with-employment concern, we exposed this ramp and called upon the Public Prosecutor to act. He did so, after a delay of six months, and the three directors were last week sent to jail.

But in so many other instances it would appear either that the law is helpless, or that this great Department is unduly pessimistic about the prospects of a successful prosecution.

Take the case of the Legal Co-operative Collecting Society, which has collected nearly £12,000 from the public and spent over £10,000 on "management expenses," instead of on the insurance which the public thought it was buying.

If this is not obtaining money by false pretences in law, it certainly is from the point of view of the man in the street; and if, in an example of this kind, a prosecution had been instituted, even if it failed to get a conviction on the ground that no illegal act had been committed, it would officially show up the deficiencies of the law, which is the first step to getting them remedied.

Can nothing be done under the existing law with a man named George H. Munro, who was living at the rate of £3,000 a year, the furniture and effects of his house belonging to his wife? He formed a Company which failed for over £60,000. Then he formed another, which crashed with assets worth under £300 and liabilities over £100,000!

John Fraser, of York House, London, W., put some money into one of Munro's company ramps, and, as a result, went bankrupt, estimating his liabilities at nearly £70,000!

Is the law really helpless in a case like that of Mr. John R. Scholes, of Manchester, who was some thousands of pounds in debt?

So he formed a Company of himself, by adding Limited to his name. He got goods on credit, sold them, and paid his debts with the money.

Then he let the Company go smash, to the disappointment of some two hundred creditors, who are owed between them something like £8,000.

Mr. Scholes has now formed another company, at the same address, and is no doubt a profound admirer of the law of this country, which enabled him to achieve what the dramatist once called "A New Way To Pay Old Debts."

Another admirer of the British Constitution is Mr. H. Shepherd. This man has been Secretary of between forty and fifty money societies, booby-traps for the poor, which were closed down by the Chief Registrar. Last year he was trying to get money from the public for a company that he knew, and admits that he knew, was insolvent.

There may be some reason why the Public Prosecutor should be pessimistic about a prosecution in scandals of this kind. But if so, it is a pity he does not make a public statement that will strengthen the law.

Other admirers of the law, and scoffers at its title to be regarded as a terror to evil-doers, are:

The plausible Russian trickster, Dmitri Tchernine, has staggered from one financial disaster to another. More than once the Official Receiver has condemned his disgraceful methods, and we have constantly asked the authorities to put a stop to his audacious adventures.

Mr. Wheeler, of Mosley Street, Manchester, who has taken hundreds of pounds from investors in a company and put it into his own pocket.

Mr. N. C. Turner, of Bradford, who, being insolvent, started a concern in which he got money from thousands of people all over the country by a dodge which certainly calls for some more drastic retort than a sigh from the Official Receiver.

We could multiply these cases and pile Pelion upon Ossa in the way of example. If the authorities care to send representatives to this office, we shall be pleased to give them information concerning a veritable Rogues' Gallery.

It ought to be their duty and privilege to put a great many rascals now at liberty where they ought to be—behind prison bars. If they did this it would save the people of this country hundreds of thousands of pounds per year and make the Department of Public Prosecution a dividend-paying investment for the nation.

If Winter Comes!

TO the artistic distance lends enchantment; to the artful it lends security. It provides a valuable opportunity to make a get-away when trouble starts its journey. That explains why 334, Goswell Road, London, E.C., knows Frederick Winter no more.

Winter made that address his headquarters, whence he advertised and circularised poultry farmers in the rural districts, inviting them to send their output to Goswell Road, when they would be paid prices which, on paper, were really attractive. He could afford to offer these high prices because he seldom paid up.

A Scottish reader sent goods but received nothing in return; not even an acknowledgment. He wired and received no reply. Wired again and prepaid a reply which came fourteen days later; but no money came his way. Then he discovered that two others in the same district had received similar treatment.

Another man at Sandwich sent fifty fowls at the beginning of last December and he is finding some measure of consolation in a bunch of letters received from Winter, each promising a cheque by the next post. Even a letter from a solicitor failed to draw money from this Wintry stone.

An ex-soldier at Ashford in Kent, not being able to find employment, invested his few pounds in poultry dealing. He saw Winter's advertisement and sent him a consignment. Strange to say, he received a cheque for that little lot and this encouraged him to send other consignments to the value of £15; this being half of the poor fellow's capital.

A second cheque has never found its way to Ashford. And never will. For Winter has gone. In a recent issue of JOHN BULL casual reference was made to his unsatisfactory method of doing business. Within two days of this he sent out nearly 100 postcards to creditors, promising to settle accounts shortly, and then packed up and vanished leaving the bailiffs in possession.

No. 334, Goswell Road has been the scene of a pilgrimage of men and women whom Winter has deceived. Ex-Service men have made the trip to London and wept as they have pleaded for some money in return for the goods they have supplied him. "If Winter comes" to Goswell Road again, he will get a summary reception.

There is no question that Winter has been playing an old game. His victims are to be found on almost every poultry farm in the Kingdom. His profits must nearly have touched the five-figure mark. The police admit that he has swindled people and would arrest him if anyone applied for a warrant.

What would be interesting to know is the name of the man or gang who is behind him. That he is a member of an organised gang there is little doubt. There are others at the same game, some under the direction of a certain horse dealer in Tottenham Court Road on whom we are keeping a watchful eye.

A NATION OF SUICIDES

by The Rt. Rev. LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE-CECIL

(Bishop of Exeter).

THE limiting of a family is not merely a domestic affair. It is an act which can destroy a nation and hamper civilisation, says the writer of this article, who pleads frankly for the big family. "Surely this race—of all races—should be increased. If there is to be any race suicide at all, let it be among the degraded races and among the degraded classes."

WHEN we compare the population in 1801 of some nine or ten millions with our present population of fifty millions, we realise that had Malthus been right we should have been long ago unable to procure food enough; at any rate we should have seen every corner of Britain turned into food-producing land in our efforts to avoid the inevitable starvation that comes by over-population.

We disbelieved Malthus, and as our population increased we discovered new lands, and made those new lands feed the old lands. But Malthus was believed in one country, and by that hangs a long story and a tragedy.

If England did not believe his theories, France did. And France has suffered a great injury from those theories in the loss of her population.

* * *

A GREAT Frenchman has pointed out that one of the terrible results of this teaching on diminution of population is that it is accepted by the skilled and brain-working classes, while it is ignored by the unintellectual, with the result that even if the population still remains stationary and does not diminish, its quality diminishes, for the source from which it comes are the less intellectual members of the society.

And as the supply of brain diminishes we must expect two phenomena: one is that from time to time we have great masses of people in misery owing to the organisation having broken down—workmen ready to work with no work for them to do; and, on the other hand, the comparatively few organisers who are left gaining a reward out of proportion to their merits because, owing to their limited numbers, they are able to demand and get what they choose to ask.

* * *

I THINK that is a description which fits this present age. We have a few organisers gaining fabulous sums of money and many other workers out of work.

The races that produce high-class workers are strictly limited. It is only the Northern European races from whom you can reasonably hope to get any number of intellectual workers, and two other races—namely, the great Jewish race, which is always producing innumerable skilled workers of every class, and the Japanese race.

* * *

NOW if these races cease to produce these workers, our civilisation will be sadly hampered, and it is perfectly possible that nations will find themselves poor in the midst of plenty owing to their inability to understand the complicated organisation of a higher standard of life, and the more families are limited the greater will become the disorganisation with its consequent poverty.

We have to-day the phenomenon of masses of men out of work while everyone needs houses which would employ countless armies of men, and we have every requisite to make the houses. Yet we cannot make them, and we are ourselves absolutely astonished and cannot understand why such a thing should be.

The simple answer is that we are too stupid.

There is not the slightest difficulty in solving the housing question if public opinion in Britain was not so stupid and ignorant that it actually refuses the obvious step of training the men to build these houses.

If we have attained to that state of mental indolence and inefficiency that we can live in miserable slums while all around us are the means of building houses and the labour to build them, it seems hardly an exaggeration to suppose that if selective breeding is continued we may even reach to greater depths of imbecility.

THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

At the present time naturally there is a large class of mind workers, and if other races were producing these workers as freely as we are, probably we should have but little trouble at the present time. But from Britain are going out countless workers to every country.

* * *

WALK through the City of London, note the names of the countries with which we trade and to which we send brain workers, and you will realise the enormous demand that is being made from our country. The poverty which has come to so many European countries is largely the result of this famine of intellect; the folly of the Ruhr, the madness of the Soviet Government, even the blindness of the Junker class, are the result of this common cause.

There are so very few intellectual men, and those few find so many opportunities in other parts of the world, that they are not willing to stop in their own country to organise the industries.

As to the moral aspect of the case, I will not refer to the means which are taken to diminish the number of children. Some are universally condemned, some universally allowed; some are forbidden by Christians and allowed by non-Christians. No one thinks it wrong to defer marriage till late in life, and this is, perhaps, the most certain way of diminishing the number of children.

On the other hand, everyone on this side of the globe condemns infanticide—to which the Chinese resort for this purpose—and between what is universally allowed (such as late marriages) and what is universally condemned, at any rate among our races (such as infanticide), there is every kind of way of diminishing the number of children.

I would not, however, discuss what can be permitted and what can be forbidden, for I am anxious to plead for the big family, not to discuss the ways by which the big family can be avoided. I quite allow that there may be conditions in which a big family may be a misfortune, but those conditions are very much exaggerated.

* * *

YOU will constantly hear people say, for instance, that they would rather have few children and bring them up well than have many and bring them up ill, implying that it is much harder to bring up many children than few. Of course that is sometimes the case, but it is very often the reverse.

I happen to know two men—twins, both married, one who had a large family, the other had only one. The numerous family are all in good positions, the one child of the other was spoilt when he was a child and has run through every conceivable form of mischief until at last he has found himself in prison.

* * *

IT is extraordinarily difficult and hard to bring up one or two children; on the other hand, to bring up a big family is extraordinarily easy, if funds allow it. Children are the best bringers-up of children, and there is nothing so good for a man as to have many brothers and sisters.

Again, you often hear it said that women with large families enjoy bad health. That is extraordinarily untrue. I served for thirty years in a parish of 5,000, and I used again and again to observe that the women with large families enjoyed wonderfully good health.

They were very hard-worked, it is true, but sickness and illness were not their lot. What is true is that our present social conditions make the raising of a big family a matter of great difficulty. None of our laws or customs is arranged to alleviate the burden; in fact, it is the other way.

The man with the big family has to pay almost as many taxes as the man with a small one. The man with the big family gets no reduction in the rates, though he is supplying the community with the commodity which is absolutely necessary to its existence.

* * *

THE State is generous in many ways. At great expense it educates the feeble-minded, it clothes and maintains the improvident, but it does these acts of generosity by taxing the whole community, making no exception of the man who is heavily burdened, so that a man has not only to maintain his own big family but he has to pay his share to the support of the imbeciles and the ne'er-do-wells.

Why is it that Britain is so great? It is not her geographical situation. Our small country, situated in the cold latitude, constantly drenched with the rains of the Atlantic, has produced a race that has covered the whole world.

Go where you will, English is spoken; sail to any port and you will see the Union Jack! Surely this race, of all races, should be increased? If there is to be any race suicide at all, let it be among the degraded races and classes.

* * *

LET us promote three measures to save Britain, and through us the world. First, let us alter our laws so that the numbers in family may not prevent a man's advancement; let us alter our customs so that we may esteem people not because of their display of wealth, but because we know that they have contributed to the welfare of the country by raising a large family; and let us, last of all, inspire our young men and women to do their duty in this respect.

I know it is a very hard duty; I know that every reason that luxury can suggest, all that worldliness can urge, presses the other way; I know that the man with few children enjoys life and is often treated with respect by the thoughtless and worthless; but there it is—the noble life is the noble life, the fine action lives.

W. Exon

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To WILLIAM LEACH, Esq., M.P.,
Under-Secretary for Air.

DEAR SIR,—You are an avowed pacifist, and you have the courage to state your opinions bluntly and fearlessly. I admire you for it. But I cannot understand how you can reconcile your opposition to war with the fact that you are complacently drawing a good salary for preparing other men to fight. It would have been more honest to carry your principles into practice and refuse to take such a post. It is not too late for you to convince me that your words are not mere pious hypocrisy. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. TOM SHAW, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.

SIR,—I have received a complaint from a number of Scottish girl fishworkers who have been paying insurance contributions since 1920, that they are unable to obtain unemployment benefit during their spells of enforced idleness, being informed by the Labour Exchange officials at Elgin that they are not entitled to it. They have written to the headquarters of your Ministry in London asking for exemption, but this has been refused. The question which they have put to me is this: If they are not entitled to benefit, why are they compelled to contribute? I cannot answer it. Can you? JOHN BULL.

To Dr. GEORGE M. ROBERTSON,
Royal Hospital, Edinburgh.

SIR,—It comes as no surprise to me to hear a learned man state that spiritualism has a tendency to induce insanity. I have for many months been attacking charlatanry and am glad to welcome your valuable support. You prove your argument by explaining that of 27,000 persons approached by the Society of Psychical Research on this matter 12 per cent. were subject to hallucinations. Among the supposed listeners-in to the other world there are many real believers. On the other hand there are many who only believe to the extent that they can make money out of the gullible. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir PATRICK HASTINGS, M.P.,
Attorney-General.

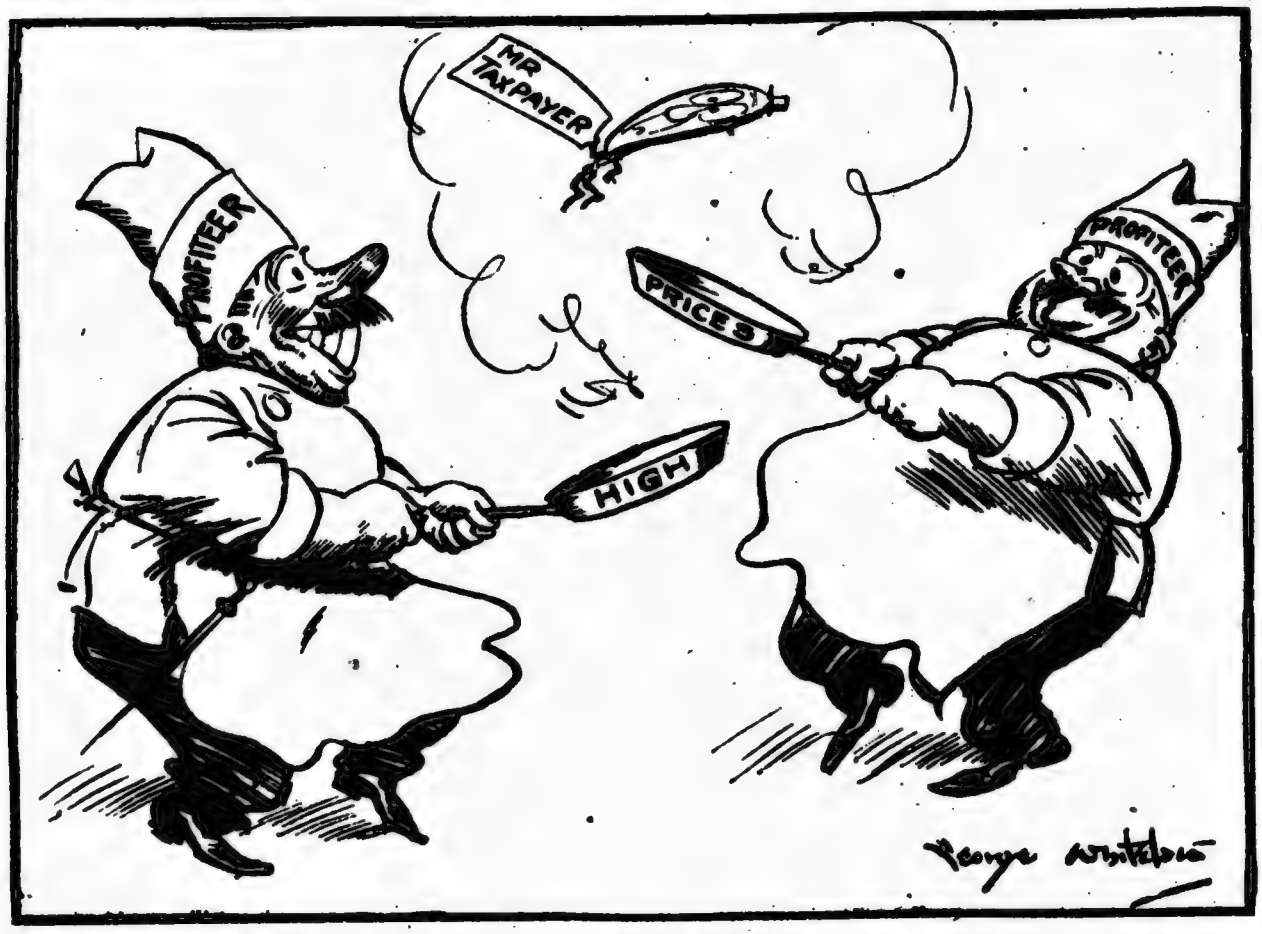
SIR,—Having taken an active part in the recent law-suit in which Mr. William Smart Harnett was awarded heavy damages for wrongful detention as a lunatic, you must be impressed with the water-logged state of the Lunacy Laws. Am I justified in expecting you to initiate a movement in favour of their reform? It is nothing short of a national scandal that a person can be summarily sent to an asylum by a magistrate on the information of a policeman or relieving officer who can produce two medical certificates. Will you have a Royal Commission appointed at once? JOHN BULL.

To Sir WILLIAM RAEBURN,
Chairman, Clyde Navigation Trust.

DEAR SIR,—Speaking of the dock settlement you say that it is a moot point as to whether the expense of the increased wages granted to the dockers will not have to be passed on to the public. Believe me, the public is getting very tired of this game of "passing it on." If, and when, the Labour Party ever succeed in persuading the country to agree to the nationalisation of such things as, for instance, docks, you and your kind will have only yourselves to blame. JOHN BULL.

To C. IGGLESDEN, Esq.,
Chairman, Kent Insufance Committee.

SIR,—At a recent meeting your Committee censured a doctor who had refused to attend a panel patient, who died the following day; and also censured a chemist who had supplied a patient with a smaller size bottle of a proprietary medicine than was ordered, thus obtaining money to which he was not entitled. You declared that these cases were the worst of their kind that had ever been brought before the Committee. As you might as well censure nobody as censure people who remain cloaked in anonymity, why not publish their names? JOHN BULL.



TOSSING THE PANCAKE

To LORD ASHFIELD,
Electric House, Westminster.

MY LORD,—You complain that the number of "pirate" 'buses is increasing the congestion of London traffic, and then propose to remedy this by putting 1,600 new 'buses on the streets to kill the competition. Such a line of reasoning shows as little logic as your inability to discover why people are preferring 'buses to Tubes. I suppose the fact that excessive fares have anything to do with it has not occurred to you? JOHN BULL.

To THE CORONER,
Margate.

SIR,—Nobody can be more sorry than the Margate lifeboatmen that, in a gale, swept by icy seas, they mistook men lashed to their mast of a wrecked ship for a torn sail flapping in the wind. These lifeboatmen had risked their lives. That is their great tradition. You, in the safe position of an armchair critic, have made their regrets even more painful by publicly and very severely commenting on their "lamentable failure." The public does not approve of your safe and easy impertinences. JOHN BULL.

To Ex-Inspector SYME,
29, Stockwell Road, London, S.W.

SIR,—I have repeatedly supported your demand for an inquiry to be held into your case—chiefly because the refusal made you cost the taxpayer more than you were worth. Now that the present Government offers you such an inquiry you contemptuously refuse it except on your own terms. After that, neither the public nor myself can have any further sympathy for you. You have clearly shown yourself to be nothing more than an irresponsible mischief maker. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN,
Portsmouth Town Council.

SIR,—In Pompey there is no system of street fire alarms—if a fire occurs at night a policeman has to be found or the streets searched for a telephone box, and these are locked with the keys in the pockets of the police. Five months ago there was a fire in Bedford Street attended with fatalities; a few days ago six horses were trapped in a blazing stable at Eastney—in both cases considerable delay in advising the fire station was occasioned. For the criminal policy of "economy" your Council will have the deaths of others on their hands. JOHN BULL.

To FREDERICK EDWARDS, Esq.,
Northampton Square, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.

DEAR OLD BOY,—You are entitled to rank among celebrities as one of the youngest octogenarians in England. In your eightieth year you tackled single-handed a couple of burglars who broke into the jeweller's shop where you are employed as caretaker, and though you could not prevent their escape, you succeeded in securing a large quantity of valuable silver articles which they had packed up ready for removal. I hope your employers will suitably reward your gallantry in defence of their property, and that you may long enjoy your youth and vigour. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. EDWARDS,
Vicar of Pwllheli.

SIR,—Cap and bells might become you better than your clerical cloth. When your Board of Guardians were considering a request from the Ministry of Health to improve the heating of the tramp ward and provide facilities for drying wet clothes, you created mirth by asking, "Had we not better arrange for the tramps to come and go in motor-cars?" It is an easy thing to raise a laugh at the expense of the poor and needy, and I can give you no credit for your ill-timed jest. The Master Whose livery you wear rode on an ass, and had no where to lay His head. Shame on you! JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

THE END OF A NIGHTMARE

The Spectre of War

IS the world stark mad? This cynical question inevitably forces itself upon the mind as often as the question of armaments comes up for discussion. After the war that was to end war, the principal Powers are still engaged in an unholy race for military supremacy.

The British House of Commons, frankly bored and sceptical in regard to disarmament and the League of Nations, displays a lively interest in the prospect of a war in the air.

Distinguished admirals like Sir Percy Scott tell us that the battleship is obsolete, and still we go on building more. It is stated on the authority of Sir Ian Hamilton that two-thirds of the present infantry formations could be scrapped without loss of security; the War Office does not contradict the General, but still Parliament is asked to foot the mammoth bill.

We are told that we must build aeroplanes, fast and ever faster, for a new war in the air; and if any lover of peace dares to breathe the practical question, "Against whom?" he is snubbed and insulted for his pains.

Meanwhile the wicked and blasphemous notion of a war between Great Britain and France finds a lodgment in the public mind. In God's name, let us try the common-sense plan of a European conference on armaments by land, sea and air. Give the common instincts of humanity a chance to rid the world of the horrid spectre of War.

Wives Who Work

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD deplores the presence of so many married women among the unemployed. It is easy to see what she means and yet to regret that married women should be compelled to work at all.

Millions of wives and mothers are engaged in industry; in London one married woman in eight seeks employment outside the home.

These women ought not to be forced into the ranks of labour. The coming generation will bear the stigma of their toil. The mother's home should be her place of business. It is there that her womanhood finds its fullest expression, and can be used for the highest ends. The children claim her undivided care.

If hard, economic circumstances force the wife to work to supplement the family income, so much the worse for the nation. The price of this folly will be paid racially in lessened vitality and diminished producing power.

It is a false economy which subordinates the claims of motherhood to the demands of industry. It is time we reorganised the national household so as to put an end to this tragedy.

Beginning of a New Era

OUR investigation into the Borstal Institutions has proved that the reforms we long demanded are now part of the system. The old Borstal has gone. The authorities are alive to the need of a humane administration.

THE inquiry into Borstal which has been conducted by Mr. Sydney A. Moseley on behalf of this journal has been fruitful and illuminating.

Mr. Moseley set out to see for himself what the position at the Institutions was to-day—the faults, the handicaps, and the reforms. Such an inquiry itself bristles with as many difficulties as the problem of the boy offender itself.

There is the natural reluctance of boys to speak freely and without consciousness of their surroundings, and there is always the possibility—not to be overlooked in an investigation of this important character—that the ground may be "prepared" in advance.

By dint of a patient investigation, during which he paid personal visits to the Institutions at Wandsworth, Feltham, Rochester, Portland, Aylesbury, and to the Borstal wing at Wormwood Scrubbs, we are satisfied that Mr. Moseley managed to get right down to existing problems.

HE is convinced that many of the evils against which this journal protested single-handedly and consistently have been largely ameliorated.

That these evils existed cannot be gainsaid. If further evidence were needed, the documentary testimony of ex-Borstal boys, from which Mr. Moseley himself quoted, is sufficient for the purpose.

We venture to believe, however, that our charges of gross maladministration in the past will scarcely be challenged; indeed, it was in order to wipe out the nightmare of the past that the reforms indicated have been brought about.

"New methods and new men" is the order of the day at Borstal. That, in itself, is the happiest of auguries.

The old Borstal and the new afford a miraculous comparison. From chains, bread and water, strait-jackets and iron discipline, we come with a jump to University tutors, common rooms, Shakespearean plays, and technical education.

The contrast is staggering. In our wildest moments we did not dare to hope that such a change could be brought about in officialdom without much more protesting!

TAKE the case of the Aylesbury Institution for girls. Compare it, when we attacked that unhappy "home" for delinquent girls, with the conditions to-day, as described by Mr. Moseley. No greater metamorphosis could be imagined. Where crass cruelty prevailed yesterday, to-day a sensible and humane system is in vogue.

We join with our contributor in offering our felicitations to Miss Barker, and wish her well in her tremendous experiment.

In Sir Wemyss Grant-Wilson, Honorary Director of the Borstal Association, we have, too, a doughty exponent of the new school. Sir Wemyss' sterling work—and it is sometimes heart-breaking work—in the after-care of the young offender has not been sufficiently recognised.

Under circumstances sufficiently aggravated by the present economic distress, the Borstal Association has succeeded in finding employment for a very fair proportion of released Borstal boys.

We are confident then, that, providing the reforms are persevered with, Borstal, under the present regime, bids fair to outlive its melancholy past by offering humane and scientific means of reforming our young delinquents into estimable citizens.

Churchianity

AN Aberdeen clergyman propounds the question, "Are we Christians?" and proceeds to answer it to the satisfaction of the unco guid. The reply, he fears, is "in the negative."

Church-going is no longer a popular pastime. Good Aberdonians, formerly pillars of the Kirk, now prefer wireless sermons in their own homes, while some of the more dour elements have taken up "cemetery-visiting" as "a substitute for church-going."

Well, well! perhaps it is not so tragic after all. The reverend gentleman, as it seems to us, is making the too common mistake of confounding Christianity with Churchianity. As though religion could not exist apart from the public ritual of worship!

The broader, saner view is gaining ground, and the clergy, if they are to retain their influence, must fall into line with it. There are thousands of good Christians who never darken the doors of a church. They believe that pure and undefiled religion consists in being rather than in doing, in daily service to their fellows rather than in weekly services before the altar.

Who shall say they are wrong? If we are to believe the sacred record the Founder of Christianity entered a church once only, preferring to meet the common people in their everyday lives, in the harvest-field and at the wedding feast, where they "heard him gladly." Surely the lesson is plain.

Give Them Justice

THE Labour Government must be held to its pledges in regard to ex-Service pensions. This is a matter over which the nation will stand no trickery or sharp practice.

The history of war pensions in this country is nothing of which we can be proud. Red tape and officialism have choked the stream of gratitude which the nation meant to flow with unstinted freedom. As a result, hundreds of pensioners, including widows and orphans, have been living on the borderline of starvation.

This scandal must be ended. Stern as is the need for economy, no one begrudges a fair and generous subsistence allowance for the broken ex-Serviceman or the dependents of the fallen. The tendency to cut down pensions with a ruthless and unfeeling hand must be summarily checked.

Stinginess in this connection is a robbery and a betrayal. Far other was the reward promised by a grateful country to those who incurred wounds and loss in her service. Economy at the expense of these men and women and of their children loses its virtue and becomes a shameful fault.

On the Brink of Disaster

by A. G. GARDINER

THE mining dispute is bringing us to the brink of disaster. What we need, says A.G.G. in this powerful article, is the unification of the whole mining industry of the country under a system of statutory regulations. With profits limited, cheaper coal could be produced for the consumer.

Mr. Evan Williams, President, Mining Association, who will play a prominent part in the dispute between miners and owners.

LET us talk about coal. It is the "warmest" theme of the moment, and in two or three weeks' time it will be still "warmer." We are threatened with a catastrophic strike in April, and unless heroic steps are taken now, this country will suffer a blow as disastrous as—indeed, as I shall show, more disastrous than—defeat in a great war. Foryou can recover from a military defeat much better than from an economic and industrial convulsion.

The first consideration is that this country rests on coal—I do not mean geologically, but commercially. No doubt there are many reasons that have contributed to make this little island the most thickly populated, the most wealthy and the busiest spot on earth.

But the main cause is coal. Long ages ago, long before man existed, Nature prepared to make this favoured land her richest treasure house. Coal is a power. It is not only the direct source of our wealth. Because we have abundant and good coal, we have become great in iron and steel, supreme in the building of ships, first in all the manufacturing that depends on cheap power.

IN a word, coal is our greatest national asset. Take away our coal and we should sink straightway to the level of a fifth-rate Power. Our trade would vanish, our wealth would vanish, our power would vanish, our population would vanish.

Happily, our coal remains. For all practical purposes it is inexhaustible. We know there is abundance of untouched resources, enough for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. Why, then, this unceasing unrest? Why is labour in vast mining areas grossly underpaid? Why is the price of coal so high that the poor cannot afford it, and that great industries like iron and steel, which are dependent on cheap power, are stagnant and lifeless? Why, with abundant coal, is our commercial greatness threatened because of lack of cheap coal?

THE answer is that there is something wrong with the works. *The system is out of date.* We are squandering our national riches by bad management and bad methods. This enormous national asset has outgrown the hugger-mugger control of the past. It is a chaos of scraps and inefficiencies. It is burdened by a thousand handicaps. It is injured by petty rival interests. It is without central control or direction. *There are over* 3,000 *collieries worked by* 1,500 *separate interests*, none of them co-ordinated, many of them cutting each other's throats, getting in each other's way. Many of the fields are so impoverished, so badly managed, so antiquated in structure, have been milked so recklessly by exploiters in the past, that they can no longer produce coal at a cost which will give labour a reasonable wage.

I believe I am right in saying that in the Scotch, South Wales, Lancashire and Forest of Dean fields, the men are getting only the pre-war wage plus 20 per cent. Now the cost of living is 70 per cent. above pre-war. Can we wonder that there is unrest? Can we wonder that a strike is imminent? Yet it is notorious that those mines cannot in existing circumstances pay the difference themselves. They are producing coal uneconomically at a cost which depresses trade, afflicts every household, and yet fails to provide a living wage for the worker.

THAT is the dark side of the case. Let us turn to the other. Side by side with this uneconomic production, there are rich fields which are worked at enormous profit, where labour is abundantly remunerated, where the collier can earn a pound a day, where the housing is decent, the amenities of life excellent, and the management modern and efficient. If you want to see coal-mining at its best go to the South Yorkshire coal-field.

And that example is capable of indefinite imitation. There are incalculable riches in the Midlands and not only in the Midlands awaiting development. Substitute those profitable seams under competent management for the unprofitable worn-out ill-managed seams, and the supremacy of British coal is re-established, the labour unrest is solved by a sufficient wage, coal is cheapened and industry which is dependent on cheap power revives. For do not let it be supposed that low wages and cheap coal go together. On the contrary, it is truer to say that high wages mean cheap coal. In one pit a miner will hew a ton and a half, while in another pit a miner is hewing half a ton. The former is highly paid, and his coal is cheap; the latter is badly paid, and his coal is dear. *But it is the latter who fixes the price of all coal for the consumer.*

THERE are the two sides of the picture. How can they be harmonised? How are we to make it possible for the good mines to give the consumer cheap coal and the miner good wages, and settle the problem of the inferior fields at the same time?

One thing is certain. The present system has broken down—utterly, completely, finally. It offers no remedy. It offers only ever-increasing trouble, disorder and loss. This thing is too vital to be left to the "pull-devil" of 1,500 interests.

Nor do I think that nationalisation is the remedy. I would buy out the royalties, of course; everyone agrees about that. But I would not buy out the mines, nor do I believe that the State could efficiently operate them.

THE real solution is a compromise between private ownership and public control. *What we need is the unification of the whole mining industry of the country, under a system of statutory regulations* which would limit profits, provide for the development of new resources, and make the two fundamental objects the provision of a sufficient wage for the producer and cheap coal for the consumer. Under the operation of this system, the undeveloped riches would be opened up and developed not from the point of view of the exploiter, but from the point of view of the public interest. The derelict mines, which are the cause alike of strikes and the high price of coal, would be painlessly extinguished. The rich mines could pension them off as it were, and withdraw the labour to more profitable fields and better conditions.

The time has come for a great act of statesmanship in the most vital industry of this country. That industry is on the brink of another disaster. Whatever the result of the strike, it will not remove the disease. Nothing will remove that but a change of a system, by which the greatest of national industries is unified, controlled and reorganised in the interest of the producer of coal and the consumer of coal.

"We are all Socialists now," said Sir William Harcourt. In varying degrees we all are!

An Unsolve

Mr. A. M. Thompson ("Dangle") the well-known authority on labour questions.

THE workless workers in this island, with their wives, children and aged or infirm relatives, must number at least five millions. At least one in ten of the entire nation has to be kept from starving by some sort of levy on the toil or the "pile" of the other nine. Crushed by the burden, others drop into the scrap-heap. As these increase, the tax increases. As the tax increases, more drop off. So the damnable round threatens to widen, until at last, if we don't look out while there is yet time, we shall all be living—or perishing—not by taking in each other's washing, but by paying each other's "doles."

Governments play with the question, tinkering here and botching there, but the soul of the terrible riddle remains unsolved and untouched. In view of the world's reduced purchasing power, the steady growth of our former customers' ability to manufacture for themselves, the handicap of generously honest and altruistic taxes which none of our competitors choose to bear, how are we to feed an increased and increasing population who depend for their daily bread on the export of their manufactures?

Our tinkering and botching are like the efforts of a child to remove the dent in a burst ball: as he shifts the dimple from one place, the depression appears in another. Thus we, by combining our railway systems to save competitive waste, threw more men out of work. By making employment more regular for the picked men in the docks, we shall fling a crowd of the less fit to permanent hopelessness outside the gates. By establishing collective control of the mines, we cheapen output by reducing the number of miners.

The adoption of improved machinery and of mass production are urgently needed in most of our industries, but their immediate result would be "economy of labour." Our basic industry of agriculture has lost, through our efforts to economise the cost of food for the masses, 781,000

Murder to Cure a Cold

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

WHO would recommend murder as a cure for a cold? Our Trade Union leaders, tackling the problem of the cost of living, are undeniably murderous in their methods. You cannot enjoy relief from a cold when you are dead; can you appreciate strike benefits which are mythical?

SOONER or later, whenever I pay a visit to a poor man's house, I hear a sad tale about the prices charged at shops. It costs a lot of money merely to live. It costs an almost hopeless lot of money to live decently. This is the woman's side of politics.

These struggling, suffering, and much-enduring women do not bother their heads in the least degree about matters which depress the Very Reverend Dean of St. Paul's, or about matters which dispose Mr. H. G. Wells to throw up the sponge in his effort to save civilisation. They have no time to waste in elegant or inelegant discussions of sex problems. Either a man gets on with his wife, or he doesn't: and there's an end of it. Either a girl keeps straight, or she "goes to the bad": and there's an end of that.

For these women the supreme and terribly dominating problem of life is how to make two ends meet. Their rack of anxiety is the shop counter.

THIS would be their millennium: to have more money in their purses, to find cheaper goods in shop windows, and to enjoy an hour or two every day from mental anxiety and the labour of wash-tub and mending basket. Strange, is it not, that so simple a problem should baffle our statesmen?

With the cares and sufferings of these numerous millions, certain politicians, calling themselves trade union leaders, evince a very lively sympathy. They profess themselves to be the champions of these hard-pressed women. They take wages from the husbands of these same women in order to bring about the millennium for which they are sighing. They do not work in factories and shops; they build no houses, and they transport no goods from one place to another; they have never attempted, even with enormous funds at their disposal, to set up factories in which high wages would be paid for a short day's work.

No: their scheme is much more ingenious, much more difficult to understand; it takes us into altitudes where the head of a mathematician spins.

But what these men do in order to increase the happiness of the poor is simple enough. They organise strikes for the disorganisation of industry. They say to the women who complain that the cost of living is more than their money will run to, "Make your husbands strike for higher pay." Could anything be more simple, more reasonable? Higher pay is the very thing these poor women want. If a strike will ensure higher pay, by all means let there be a strike.

And the strike comes, and for weeks there is terrible suffering in those little homes; and then the strike is settled, and with more money in her purse the poor woman goes marketing . . . . to find that everything she needs must buy in order to live has gone up in price *in consequence of the strike, and in consequence of the higher wages.*

I SHOULD not like to earn my living in this fashion. The other day I was staying at a beautiful hotel in one of the loveliest parts of England, and there in the lounge, sitting alone, grey-faced, moody and unoccupied, a cigar between the fingers of his right hand, was a trade-union leader who was recently engaged in a strike. One of the servants of the hotel said to me, "He has come here for rest. It seems that the strike was a bit too much for his nerves."

I can well imagine it. Think of Mr. Ernest Bevin's nerves when he contemplated a strike of the dockers. What a step to take; what a hazard to run. Behind him, hot-headed extremists; confronting him, hard-headed employers; and always in his mind the vision of a careworn woman with a thin purse staring hopelessly into shop windows. Next week I shall venture to call Mr. Bevin's attention to a statement of his which I regard as highly dangerous and as utterly misleading, a statement wholly unworthy of so good and so able a man; but for the present I want to dwell upon the lunacy of these pin-pricking strikes, which are becoming as epidemic as influenza, which cannot possibly do us any good, and which may quite possibly destroy us.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the brilliant writer, whose concern about civilisation does not trouble much the people who face starvation.

Suppose a man came to us and said: "You are absurd to go to recognised doctors when you have got a cold. No doctor ever yet cured a cold. Medical science itself confesses that it has not been able to discover a remedy for colds. Do not be duped. Let me hit you over the head with this coal-hammer and you will never sneeze again."

WITH such a man we should not dispute. We should hold him in friendly discourse while someone went for a policeman. And when the policeman came we should say to him: "Here is a man who has escaped from a lunatic asylum; please take charge of him, for it is evidently better to sneeze for a month than to be knocked on the head once and for all."

But the poor workman and his harassed wife do not act in this manner when the strike-maker crosses their path. They listen to him greedily. They like the way in which he sympathises with their sufferings. They feel their hearts grow hot within them when he speaks of their wrongs. And when he tells them that it is their duty to strike, and that a strike will end their ills and entirely better their position, they believe him.

It never enters their heads that to throw the huge machine of modern industry clean out of gear cannot possibly better their prosperity. It never occurs to them that if new goods are not made the dwindling goods already made will go up in value. It never strikes them for a minute that if wages are raised for the making or the handling of life's necessaries (without increased production and greater celerity in handling), the cost of those necessaries must infallibly rise.

It never crosses their minds that if their Union leaders cannot get higher wages without a disastrous strike they must be very incompetent blunderers—if nothing worse. No: they trust the man who is out to disorganise the industry of the nation, and the strike comes, and after the strike millennium is further off than ever.

How pathetic it all is, and also how ludicrous. Murder *is* a cure for a cold; there is none quicker, none so complete in its action. Try it, and you will be not only free of colds for ever more, but free of worse diseases which might possibly fasten themselves upon you in your debilitated state.

But there are better ways of treating a cold: and there are better ways of facing the problem of the shop counter. Whatever plan we may adopt for lifting up the lives of those who are oppressed or incompetent, let us at least relegate the strike to the limbo of murderous fallacies.

olved Riddle

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

acres of arable land since 1918; the rural population, which formed 38 per cent. of the nation in 1871, had shrunk in 1921 to 21 per cent.—the rest of them having drifted, presumably, into the towns, to swell the mass of unemployed and unemployable.

And tens of thousands are following them every year, while city men, clerks and shop assistants, utterly useless on the land, are drifting, with equal aimlessness, to swell the ranks of the unemployed in Melbourne and Toronto. We are paying 450 millions a year for foreign food—mostly to countries outside the Commonwealth—and are thereby reducing the international value of our money and increasing the cost of the 32 millions a year which we are paying to America.

At the same time we are losing three times as much every year through the suicidal wastage of strikes as we did in the comparatively Golden Age before the war! Where is the ruinous process to end? To what ultimate result can it lead other than national disaster and unthinkable suffering for the people?

What we want is an end of makeshifts and a considered national policy for the direction, regulation and control of every industry by the establishment of Joint Councils. We want a system of strike arbitration to end the idiotic wastage of industrial stoppages. And we want a national scheme, carefully considered and scientifically contrived, for the emigration of such workers as are wanted in other parts of the British Commonwealth, under such conditions of family or communal grouping, and with such certainties of remunerative work, as will ensure their content and the increased prosperity of the Empire.

We all realise that the national industries are so literally vital to the nation's life, that we cannot allow them to ebb and flow and drift at the mercy of momentary advantage to individuals, or of conflict between sectional trade union leaders and obstinate old-fashioned employers who regard their interest as kings used to regard their "divine right," and who are less concerned about the welfare of their drudges than in the efficiency of their machinery.

In short, we want a national policy which shall substitute method for chance.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IT is a curious but indubitable fact that the large majority of men who exercise a strong personal influence over their fellows are physically stout. A corporation seems to inspire confidence. It has apparently always been so. People vaguely mistrust thin men. Shakespeare makes Julius Cæsar (after that warrior had begun to put on weight) warn a friend against folk who possess "a lean and hungry look." Such men, he says, are very dangerous!

Speaking as a human skeleton I resent the insinuation, though I cannot help agreeing that, rightly or wrongly, the stomachs have it! There is something extraordinarily soothing about plumpness. The eye rests upon it, satisfied, and the mind peacefully anchors itself thereon. Not a little of Ernest Bevin's popularity is due to the winning, confident and expansive manners that come so naturally to most men of comfortable proportions.

HE is the sort of man to whom people go with all their troubles. His friends slap him on the back, his acquaintances call him "old man," and even perfect strangers find it difficult to pass him without wishing him a good-morning. "Hail, fellow! well met" is written all over his face.

But this is only the outside of the man, the attractive and popular view of him. There is a far more important aspect. When not unreasonably opposed, his good nature is almost insurmountable. But once let it dawn on him that conciliation is out of the question, that he is up against mere antagonism—and down comes his fist with a crash!

A FELLOW-WORKER who has sat with him at a score of conferences has just obliged me with a life-like description of his methods: "I have known him tackle a case for twelve hours, with nothing but a cup of tea and a Bath bun to keep him going during that time. He has considered every argument both pro and con, not once but several times, with a serene and unruffled determination. At the close of the sitting he has calmly declared his intention of sleeping on the case and reinvestigating it afresh the following morning. "It took him three days to settle the issue, and he never showed the slightest irritation or used a provocative word throughout.

"But I remember another occasion when, because of the hostile attitude of a small clique, he got up at the end of five minutes, put on his hat, gathered up his papers, and informed the meeting that he couldn't waste time with a body of intolerant and whiskered old women!"

There is Ernest Bevin in a paragraph. He will go to endless trouble to avoid trouble; but if anyone wants trouble, he'll give all that is wanted—and more!

Mr. Ernest Bevin, The "Dockers' K.C."

AN extraordinary and unassailable vitality has brought him to his present position. Brains he has, of course, but brains alone wouldn't have made him a hero among dockers. He has more "go" in him than a dozen ordinary men. That—coupled with the personality I have already defined—is the secret of his success. It is what the world calls genius.

COMPANY MEETING.

Sir James Crichton-Browne on Influenza.

Thanking the shareholders for his re-election to the Board of Bovril, Ltd., Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., said he was warmly interested in Bovril, professionally as well as personally. Bovril repelled Influenza—that insidious and destructive malady that was still hovering about—for, by maintaining nutrition, it fortified the system and heightened its resistance to the inroads of the disease. But it did more than that. For Bovril helped to *expel* influenza when that had effected a lodgment by supporting strength and assisting the body to throw the malady off, and it helped to *dispel* influenza by dissipating the injurious and debilitating effects it so often left behind it. If there was a demon of influenza, he fancied it trembled at the name of Bovril.

Fresh Air and Bovril.

Sir James said the value of sunlight and fresh air were being more and more appreciated as essential to health and vigour. They were the sure antidote to tuberculosis, and that applied to cattle as well as to human beings. The cattle from which Bovril was derived—living all their lives on vast ranches in the open, in sunshine and fresh air—were singularly robust and healthy, and they were converted into Bovril under ideal conditions of cleanliness and purity. At every step in its manufacture, from the Estancia to the "Alas! my poor brother" stage, Bovril was scrupulously and punctiliously safeguarded, and it might always be consumed in quiet confidence. It was a gilt-edged security.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Titt for Pitt

by HARRISON OWEN

WEARING the white breeches and scarlet coat of a "sporting" life, Brigadier-General G. M. S. Pitt, Master of the Mid-Kent Staghounds, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of having cruelly ill-used a hind.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that the bald facts were that a stag, when pursued by the Mid-Kent hunt, dashed into the sea and after swimming two miles was picked up by a French fishing-smack and taken to Etaples. Unhappily, it was not uncommon for a hunted stag to prefer a watery grave to a "sporting" life, but the wide publicity given this particular hind had caused the Public Prosecutor to decide that here was an excellent opportunity to make an example of certain doughty hunters.

"The hunting of wild stags," continued counsel, "is a brutal and degrading business, the hunt usually ending in a gory scene in which the stag, after being torn at by the hounds, has its throat cut, while fair women and brave men sit munching sandwiches and sampling the contents of their silver flasks. Teeth are wrenched from the stag's jaws and distributed among gentle Dianas, while its hooves are hacked off and tied to the stirrup-straps of the belle of the butchers.

"The details associated with the hunting of 'carted' stags are less nauseating, but no less reprehensible. One of these animals, reduced by long captivity to a more or less permanently dazed condition, is carted to the marshes, where it is let loose, and, of course, flees as swiftly as its cramped limbs will permit. When caught the animal is not put out of its misery, but is carted back to be hunted again. Some are hunted as many as thirty times before they are pensioned off."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, stated that the deer enjoyed the chase every bit as much as did their pursuers. The particular hind about which so much fuss had been made was apparently rather hazy about the rules of hunting, or it would have allowed itself to be comfortably caught; instead it had evidently been overcome with what he might call "stag fright." Considering that their day's sport had been ruined, it was exceedingly benevolent of the Hunt to offer to bring the hind back from France and present it with a silver-plated collar.

"I must confess," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "that I am unable to understand why, in a country which forbids cock-fighting, saddled snobs should be permitted to behave in the way Mr. Watchdog has described. In the cockpit a bird was matched against another of its own size and fighting quality, but it would seem that our hunting Pitts consider that one timid stag is a fair match for trained hounds and horses and a small army of "sportsmen."

"However, accepting the assurance that the hunted enjoy the alleged sport as much as the hunters, I will merely direct that the prisoner shall be carted to a suitable spot on the Sussex Downs and given a 'sporting' start on a wild bull, which will be sent off in pursuit of him to the usual cries of 'Yoicks!' and 'Tally Ho!' I do not doubt that the prisoner will give the animal (to use his own phrase) 'a good run for its money,' and, if the worst comes to the worst, he will be allowed free access to the English Channel and can rest assured that a leather medal, suitably inscribed, will be waiting for him when he is returned to his 'Port,' a wetter and, I hope, a wiser man."

The Man who Married a Statue

by ROBERT HOLMES

(*The Famous Police Court Missionary.*)

HERE, in the first of a series of intensely human articles dealing with our social problems of to-day, the author goes into the question of wives who have not prepared themselves for matrimony. Idle and incompetent housewives are responsible for the bulk of marriage failures, he says, and expresses the belief that happy wedded life—earth's greatest blessing—is possible to many more than find it.

"HOW laden you are, Maggie," I said, the other day, to a bright-eyed, raven-haired little maid of nine, lugging a basketful of groceries in her right hand, and a seven-pound bag of flour on her left arm, while her eleven-year-old brother trundled a hoop along the pavement beside her; "Why not make Johnnie help you?"

"Because he's lazy," Maggie answered, giving Johnnie a reproachful look; "all boys are lazy—much lazier than girls."

There was a great deal in the little maid's philosophy. Boys are apt to become "lazier than girls," if not from a natural tendency, as some maintain, at any rate from the fact that mothers find it easy to set girls household tasks which boys usually escape. Of course most boys find it necessary to buckle to by and by; but they run the risk of missing the salutary effect of a training which causes most girls to find monotony in hours with nothing to do.

And for all the grumbling of grown-up boys about the "rotten time" they imagine sweethearts to have in washing tea-cups or doing needlework in deference to the caprices of old-fashioned mothers, when sweethearts become wives there is joy that mothers were old-fashioned if husbands have the smallest notion of what it falls to my lot to see and hear, where wives had mothers of another sort.

* * *

A lazy man is bad to deal with. A lazy woman is hopeless.

Two years ago an elderly widow sought me out, much distressed at the prospect of matrimonial misery opening before a young couple lodging at her house.

"I wish you'd call and have a word with the lass," she told me. "If somebody doesn't there'll be trouble before long. No man can stand for ever what her husband has to put up with. She never does a hand's turn from morning to night.

"She's about to become a mother, and for months I've been trying to persuade her to make baby-clothes. Her husband gave me a sovereign to spend on material, and I got her as far as the shop, but she wasn't a bit interested in what we went to buy. Anything I liked would do.

"When we got back home she put the stuff on a table, and it's lain there ever since. I keep offering to cut the things out for her, but she always puts me off. 'I'm not going to bother, to-day,' she says; and that's as much as I can make of her. They're going into a house of their own next week, and she neither cleans, washes, nor cooks.

"They'll drift apart as sure as they're born if somebody can't teach her sense. It's such a pity, too; for he's as nice a fellow as ever walked, and she's nice as well; only *so* idle."

The widow did not exaggerate. On calling I found the girlish-looking wife extremely pleasant. She admitted with a laugh that she was "too lazy for anything," and promised to "try and wake up." Most attractive in appearance and tastefully dressed, I did not wonder that her husband, a serious-looking clerk about thirty years old, found it hard to quarrel with her.

Indeed, they seemed so much to each other that on coming away, I wondered whether, after all, the widow was too pessimistic.

* * *

Things went better for a while, but that was owing to the husband's sister coming from a far-off place to see them settled in a delightful little home, and to stay till the baby was a month old. It was her taste that gave the house its pleasant appearance and her needle that made all ready for the baby's arrival.

As soon as she was gone there was a tremendous change for the worse. I have seen not a few incapable housekeepers in my time, but I think none quite so incapable as the mistress of that home. Within a month of having the place to herself it became plain to the landlord that he had an undesirable tenant.

She appeared to make no attempt at all to keep the house clean and tidy. What little was done seemed to be done by her husband. He washed the crockery piled up against his return from the office, and even bathed the baby, night by night. There was nothing else for it if he would have a cup for his tea, or see the infant sweet and clean.

* * *

And while he did in a man's clumsy fashion what his wife should have done deftly and swiftly against his home-coming, she sat and talked as merrily as if he were working at some hobby which faintly amused her, but with which she had really nothing to do.

Indeed, her invincible good temper alone saved the situation when it became evident that the house must be given up, and the furniture sold. She went into rooms with such infinite cheerfulness that he could not find the heart to be angry. But for all that, he is a thoroughly wretched man, as a man tied to a woman so idle must needs be.

Meeting him yesterday, and noticing that he had aged ten years since I first saw him two years ago, I wondered how long he will continue to endure the misery.

A wife of three months, whom I called to interview after her visit to a magistrate's clerk's office with a view to obtaining a summons as a preliminary step to separation from her husband, was equally lazy, but of a different temperament.

"I did not marry you to be your cook," she told him disdainfully, in my presence, when he complained of her failure to provide proper meals; and when the wrangle got as far as a tiff over a torn shirt, added, "If you imagine that I'm going to bore my eyes out stitching and darning, you're making a mistake."

Mr. ROBERT HOLMES,
The Famous Police Court Missionary.

A hint that I ventured to the effect that I had seen many a neater and more comfortable home was met by the scornful declaration, "If he wanted a charwoman for his wife he should have married one. He's always known I can't bear housework, and won't have it."

After that it was natural for me to enquire if she had intended retaining, after marriage, some remunerative occupation she followed before, seeing that her husband's wages as a journeyman carpenter must plainly be insufficient to afford payment for domestic help.

* * *

Then she turned on me in great anger, and said, "Of course not; I thought he wanted to maintain me properly; not to try and make me his slave."

There was no dealing with her, either that day or one later, when her temper had cooled. Assured that no magistrate would grant a separation order after learning under what provocation her husband had lightly smacked her face, an incident on which she had built great hopes, she went back to her mother, at whose house she remains while her husband does his own housekeeping, uncertain whether she will at any time return. It is a pitiable business.

Neither husband nor wife are yet twenty-five years old. Why do girls marry if unwilling to discharge a woman's part? In my experience idle and incompetent housewives are responsible for the bulk of matrimonial failures.

Other women who make melancholy wives are the inordinately and senselessly jealous. I know one who applies periodically for a magisterial separation order because her husband finds it necessary now and then to restrain her from acts of physical violence.

If he is kept a few minutes later than usual at his work as a blacksmith, or if he gossips a little while with a shopmate on the way home, there is bound to be trouble. Working herself into a furious passion, she will pick up a knife and rush at him, after pouring out a score of groundless accusations of infidelity.

* * *

To wrench the knife from her grasp, he usually grips both her wrists firmly. Then she comes before magistrates to exhibit her bruises in support of a charge of persistent cruelty.

A well-favoured person, capable, thrifty, clean, as often as she comes magistrates dismiss her application.

I try to point out how foolish she is to allow her senseless jealousy to mar what might otherwise be a happy married life; for I am certain that her husband is extremely fond of her.

I have my labour for nothing.

She is determined to believe he has another sweetheart somewhere. And there is an end.

* * *

Now, granting that some folk are cursed with a temperamental bias to indolence or jealousy, a great deal may yet be done to correct the weakness. And bearing in mind that of three hundred and two women (mostly quite young) who called on me last year to complain of unhappy marriages (it seemed needful to advise at least half to keep better homes, and to exhort a sixth to have done with groundless jealousies) what can I do but urge serious attention to two main causes of matrimonial infelicity?

* * *

I believe quite firmly that happy married life, earth's best blessing to man and woman alike, is possible to many more than find it.

If it be objected that I have lots to say about the faults of wives, but nothing about the faults of husbands, I reply that I will talk of husbands another day.

Robert Holmes

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Reward of Sacrifice

"WHEN I was young my father was a barber, but in spite of his humble position and poor wage my parents did all they could to further my prospects in life, and through much painful sacrifice I was kept at the University till I attained the age of twenty-three.

"I hold to-day a lucrative position in the medical world. My wife, whom I married two years ago, is a member of a well-to-do family of the town in which I am practising.

"During the past year my father, now a widower of sixty-four, has had to give up his employment in my distant native town owing to a serious and possibly incurable illness, but he finds that owing to his past sacrifice for my welfare he has not the means to live, let alone procure the luxuries his weak state requires.

"I have suggested to my wife that we should care for him in our own home, but her innate pride will not allow her to permit the presence of anyone so plebeian as a barber under her roof. She has proved otherwise a really excellent wife.

"But I cannot, after all his endeavours of the past, allow this behaviour to go on."

"Humanist" says:—*If you can afford to maintain him in his native town, he might well be happier away from your admirable and snobbish wife. But as he is incurable, I should certainly insist, if he wants to come to you, that so good a father should get everything a son could offer him.*

A Tragic Discovery

"I AM the eldest daughter of a good middle-class family and am engaged to a young man whom I dearly love. We were to have been married six weeks ago, but owing to his having the misfortune to break his leg the ceremony had to be postponed; but is now due to take place in a fortnight.

"While my fiancé has been laid up I have, accidentally, discovered unmistakable evidence that there is a strong taint of insanity in my family. The crux of the matter is that, as we had anticipated the wedding that had to be postponed, I am going to become a mother.

"I know that owing to the insanity in my family I ought to give up my young man, but, on the other hand, if I do I shall bring terrible disgrace on my family (and myself) who have always been very respectable, and would feel the dishonour."

"Humanist" says: *Morally you are in the position of the man's wife—your troubles are now his. The insanity may not come your way. But if you think of the child as well as the husband you will overcome your scruples, which do you credit. You may be happy, and find the skeleton in the cupboard is a bugbear.*

"Humanist" to his Readers.

"THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG IN THE LAND."

THERE is on this page a little story called "Reward of Sacrifice," a minor drama of human love and human weakness.

It has in it the elements that make up life—a parent's struggles, a son's success, a wife's ambitions—and then, in order that one home may be happy, the suggestion that the end of a poor old man's days should be clouded, a man against whom there is nothing except that he is poor, and old, and obscure, and that he tried to make life for his son better than he found it for himself.

A crime? Well, in the opinion of a fashionable wife, this appears at least to be an offence.

What do our readers think?

"Humanist" has given his reply, hoping that he has eliminated all offence from it.

He would have liked to have had on it the opinion of Abraham Lincoln, whose parents were labourers.

Is the Fifth Commandment forgotten?

He would like to know from some of his countless readers, who have solved this problem for themselves, what they think of it, and how they solved it.

Is the old rule altogether obsolete:

"Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

A Bigamy Problem

"TEN years ago, at the age of twenty-one, I married a man who deserted me after a few months, taking with him the small fortune I had inherited from my parents. All efforts to trace him failed; from that time to the present I have supported myself by hard work.

"About a year ago I met a French merchant of considerable means; we became friends and, believing me a widow, he proposed marriage. In the belief that I could legally assume my husband to be dead, as I had not heard of him for more than seven years, I became engaged, and our marriage is arranged to take place in Paris at Easter.

"A few days ago, however, I accidentally met someone who revealed to me that my husband is actually in England, and that he recently bigamously married a wealthy young woman, and has gone abroad.

"I have not told my fiancé, or any other living soul, of this new development. Would it be safe for me to get married in France, as arranged, and blot out of my mind the fact that my first husband still exists?"

"Humanist" says: *To divorce him would be easy—if you could get the evidence. Otherwise, after being deserted ten years, you could have married a month ago with safety. Now you can't, because you know your husband is alive. Your husband was safe to marry if he had not heard of you for seven years. Of course the marriage would in neither case be legal. If you now marry, the risk of severe punishment for bigamy is light in the circumstances. In any case, tell your fiancé. You are not to blame.*

Parents Come First

"THROUGH illness and misfortune in business, poverty is threatening my parents. I am an engineering student and with no prospects for at least two years to come, earning in spare time just enough to keep myself in food and clothes that I need.

"An acquaintance offers me a partnership in a commission agency; to be, in fact, only a common 'bookie.' He also guarantees a return of £400 per annum. By accepting I sacrifice a career, go against all my principles and inclinations, and save the 'auld hoose' from ruin.

"Humanist, I am young, with all youth's ambition stirring within me. I have my life to live and the world is still before me, yet—my father's shoulders stoop more with each passing day; my mother's head is silvered now with burdens borne without a grumble. My hopes, my ambitions, warring with my better self, are making of my life a misery.

"Tell me, what should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *If you think that to be even an honourable bookmaker is a disgrace—don't take bets or make them. If poverty threatens your parents, stand by them. That is at once a duty and a privilege. You would not be happy if you built up a career on the broken hearts of selfishly neglected parents. To be an unselfish son is surely as good a career as to be an engineering student. Do your duty now—you can seek reward afterwards.*

Change of Employer

"MY firm took over a contract to do a certain class of work for a corporation. At the end of last year, this contract was taken away and the corporation intend to do their own work, and produce their own goods. This means that my present employers have little or no work to fall back upon, and men are being discharged.

"I myself still retain my post as overseer, but the position is not to my liking, having in view that it may mean my own discharge presently.

"The corporation have a monopoly and so restrict our business. They have found, however, on trying to produce the work that they can't do it satisfactorily. Personally, I think if I offered my services to them they would be welcomed, and the knowledge I have gained is by my own efforts and not by any services or knowledge that my present employers have given me."

"Humanist" says: *If you were a partner in your firm it would be your duty to stand by it till better times came. It does not regard itself as bound to stand by you—for you are expecting your discharge. The rule of conduct seems simple to me. A firm is entitled to get the best employees it can: an employee the best firm he can.*

Her Guardian Lover.

"For twelve years I have been guardian to my dead friend's only child. She is twenty. I am forty-two. We love each other; ought I to marry her?"

I see no reason why you should not. You have provided for her as a guardian; you will continue to do so as a husband.

Unhappy at Work.

"The manager of our works has taken a dislike to me. I have refused other jobs, but am afraid I shall be driven out. I am afraid to tell my father, who wants me to stay with the firm."

If you are unhappy in your job—try to get another. You apparently cannot please your father and yourself, and the responsibility is yours, not his.

The Bad Name.

"As a boy I made a mistake, but recovered myself. Now money has been stolen from our house and I am blamed. Should I leave home—I am twenty—or stay where I am?"

Don't run away from a shadow. If you have done nothing wrong there's nothing to fear. If your people make your life unhappy—to leave home at twenty is often no disadvantage.

A Masterful Mother.

"I am out of work, and my mother objects to my fiancée—ordering me to give her up or leave the house. If I were in work I know what I should do."

Tell your mother, kindly and respectfully, that she ought not to interfere in so peremptory a way. Tell her that, if she insists, you will leave as soon as you get work. When she finds that you are in earnest, she will probably reconsider her attitude.

His Cool Proposal.

"While I was still a child my father left my mother and emigrated to America. My mother had a very hard struggle to keep herself. My father has recently returned from America and is now a rich employer. He tells my mother that if she will be his housekeeper, he will keep her comfortably. He has another woman staying with him as his wife."

Your father must maintain your mother—on no such dreadful and humiliating terms. She should take legal proceedings at once.

The Returned Murderer.

"Years ago I was the witness of a crime in Ireland—a girl outraged and murdered. The murderer got away. Afterwards he killed a man and got six years. He is back in his native town. Should I tell—if he commits another crime I should never forgive myself."

You should have spoken at the time; no one is safe if people will not have moral courage. But having kept your secret all these years, I can understand your hesitation now.

An Adopted Child.

"A widow in the thirties, I adopted a little boy, getting one hundred and fifty pounds. He was delicate. I nursed him and saved his life. I am now poor; the child's father will not help me to qualify as a midwife and so support his son. What can I do?"

A hard case, but you cannot make your adopted child's father support you—even temporarily. He made a bargain and, kept it. You are in exactly the same position as though the child was your own. I do not think people should adopt children unless they have an assured position.

The Deserted "Wife."

"My husband, a naturalised (Irish) American, deserted me—with a little girl. He had a wife in the States. I went into service and worked hard for my child. I am now out of work, homeless, dependent on charity. Will any of your readers give me work and let me keep my child? I was cook to a Commander in the Navy."

I wish I could get work for all who write to me—especially for the unhappy, who suffer through no fault of their own. Send me on references.

Words Winged to Women

If Wives Went on Strike

by MABEL HORNER

WOMEN are wonderful. Men say so—sometimes in amusement, sometimes in derision. Often in genuine praise.

Women are wonderful in their dress. They are wonderful in their power of twisting men round their little fingers.

Most of all is woman wonderful in the way she carries on a dozen skilled trades at once, in her uncomplaining acceptance of working days of such length as would make the average trade unionist shriek himself hoarse.

Ye gods! What man would face a working day such as is faced each morning in these Isles by thousands of frail little British housewives?

Take washing day for instance. Look at the pile of snowy clothes when that day of horror is done. Compute the cost of same work done by a steam laundry well equipped with machinery.

In all north-country homes there's baking day. Walk down the streets of the mill towns. Sniff the glorious aroma of the crisp bread fresh from the oven, the smell of spicy tea-cakes and toothsome, honest-to-goodness pasties as it issues from the open doors of the stuffy little houses.

Calculate the cost if all the labour had to be paid for at the same rate of cost as the ingredients.

It would be ruinous.

Cleaning and scrubbing comes expensive when paid for by the hour. So does dressmaking. So do the thousand and one jobs necessary to the making and upkeep of even the smallest home.

These are skilled trades, and ne'er a one of them subjected to "ca' canny," nor paid for at trade union rates. Lucky the little mother if she escapes a constant fusillade of grumbles when the slightest jar in the running of the home occurs.

It really is a wonder the British housewife doesn't strike! Perhaps she is fed up with strikes, since it is mostly on herself the misery falls. Perhaps she is thinking rather hard about some things.

It must be dawning upon working women that all this talk of hours of labour and good conditions—thoroughly good and necessary as they are—is a lopsided affair.

See mother's weary smile when the baby is restless. She'll be wake all night and then begin again for the sixteen hours at daybreak. She wouldn't dream of accepting shortened hours when there is a real call for her services!

This is the true grit. It's the spirit we want more in the nation.

A certain group of men are shouting for a six-hour day. Possibly when everybody, without a single exception barring childhood, ill-health and old age, does their share, the whole gamut of necessary work can be run through in even shorter time. But why don't the six-hour group include women in their demands?

They call themselves class conscious. They are also sex-conscious to a dangerous extent. No one thinks the human machine can be kept running indefinitely under hard conditions without a serious breakdown. Nor does it.

That is why so many women are old before their time. That is why their hair turns prematurely grey and their spirits flag.

Worse is the spiritual deterioration, the slow turning of the sprightly, pretty girl into the irritable, nagging middle-aged woman.

Yes, there certainly ought to be formed a new Trade Union, one that would do something for the regulation of the hours of British working women.

But just as men—class conscious and determined—have certainly improved their own conditions and in cases of hardship made themselves heard and felt, so could women, equally alive to the absolute necessity for more leisure and self-expression, get it if they tried.

Something for Nothing

ARE you one of the thousands taking advantage of our wonderful Free Advice Service? Have we solved *your* problem and cleared the furrows from your forehead?

Write to JOHN BULL about your worry, enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and leave the rest to us.

Here are some extracts from letters received in our mail. They tell you how we have helped our readers. They should tell also that we are waiting to do the same for you.

* * *

"I am pleased to say that, acting on your advice, I have got the rent question arranged."—*T. W., Durham.*

"Thank you from the bottom of my heart for pointing the road out to me how to overcome a situation which, at the time, would have caused the loss of a life, and probably two."—*T. N., Co. Tipperary.*

"Last week we penned a request to the Sports Editor asking for information on a football topic. Imagine our pleasure and surprise to receive a lengthy and very interesting personally written reply."—*Nine Pompey Boys.*

"Kindly accept my heartfelt gratitude for your timely assistance, as I can assure you it has swept a great cloud from my home."—*Mrs. W. E., Biggleswade.*

"If more people were to take advantage of your service there would be fewer swindlers who live on fees tricked from the public."—*W. J. B., Barry.*

"Your letter, in this cold and conservative England of ours, is as an oasis in the desert to a weary traveller."—*T. A. L., Hants.*

"Allow me to thank you for your help. Your mediation was prompt, and the result was a speedy cheque."—*A. F. W., Bath.*

"We send our heartfelt thanks for your great kindness. We have now received the goods we sent for."—*C. H., Partridge Green.*

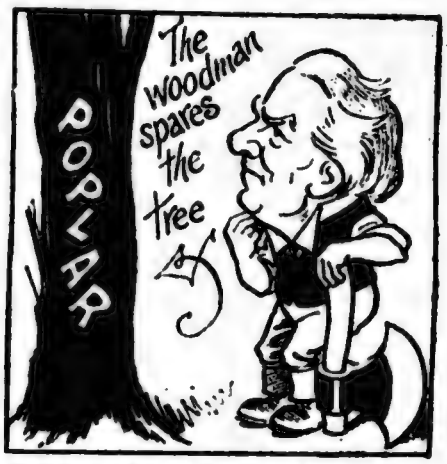
* * *

Here is this wonderful free Advice Service at your command. Use it!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



In tones quite loud the woodman vowed
He'd fell the Poplar tree.
The axe he brought—and then he thought
Perhaps he'd let it be.

They went away to U.S.A.
To fetch the pup they sold him,
Then brought it back, and now, alack!
John finds he's got to hold him.

Altho' they feel they'd like to kneel.
Their burning zeal they bridle.
They come to pray, then go away
When once they've seen the idol.

If you or I such tricks should try
We'd wrench our bones asunder,
But feats like these you do with ease
If you're a "Boneless Wonder."

A
memo. for
LINCOLN & NATIONAL:
"DUGGIE"
rules an empire of satisfied punters—

"I was amused by Douglas Stuart's advertisement on Thursday morning in the *Sporting Life*, claiming that he was paying out £150,000 over Verdict, a winner which one newspaper gravely announces was 'good for the book.' And because I am by nature sceptical, I dropped in at his office, to find that £99,200 of the bigger sum had been despatched that morning! I saw both the cheques and the vouchers. Douglas Stuart is something more than a 'double event king.' He rules an empire of satisfied punters."

JOHN BULL.

LINCOLN & NATIONAL

Unlimited Double Events
No Way Barred.

⅓ ODDS for PLACES

Market Prices Time of Posting Guaranteed.

Don't Delay, Post To-day.

DOUGLAS STUART

5, Drury Street
GLASGOW.

Daily S.P. Business
A SPECIALITY

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"—*vide Press*

Over Sixty Per Cent.

A Wonderful Week for the Code

I HOPE JOHN BULL readers will not accuse me of blowing my own trumpet, but when one has a good week it is pleasant to record it on the credit side of the ledger.

Le Cellier's win at Kempton Park rounded off a happy six days for me. During the week I coded five winners, two seconds, and one unplaced, Ascham, which was interfered with and slipped up. According to the reading of the race, but for this misfortune Ascham would have finished first or second. However, that is the luck of the game. It generally happens when you stand to win a packet.

Since the New Year the coded selections, backed each way as I advised, show a profit of thirteen points. I shall be quite satisfied if I can record a steady increase every week.

Good-bye to Epinard.

Tom Webster, as well as being an excellent caroonist, is a prophet. A recent cartoon of his depicted an old witch telling a bookmaker that shortly he would have a lot of money coming to him from people whom he didn't know. The scratching of Epinard will result in the first instalment being paid to our mortal enemies, although I do not fancy that many punters on this side of the Channel have taken a price about the French horse. He was my first choice for the race, but I strongly advised a waiting policy until Mr. Wertheimer disclosed his hand.

Grand National Gossip.

There is not much fresh National news, but I shall not be at all surprised if Fly Mask displaces Conjuror II. and hardens into a strong second favourite. I am still very sweet on my selection, Drifter, and, providing he is a starter, he cannot be left out. In compiling my notes I looked up the description of last year's race, and it makes very interesting reading. "After jumping Valentine's Brook, second time round, Drifter joined Sergeant Murphy, but weakened two fences from home." Drifter meets the Sergeant on 12 lb. better terms this year, and if you can fancy the winner of 1923's race you must recognise the fine chance of his stable companion.

My Lincoln and National doubles are:

WESTMEAD & DRIFTER.
WESTMEAD & TAFFYTUS.
WESTMEAD & MASTER ROBERT.

The Irish Horse.

The Irish are always to be feared at Aintree, and on this occasion they are pinning their faith to Max, which finished sixth in the big race last year. He has not been seen at the starting-post since last March, but he is perfectly fit. Hogan, Junr., rode him last year, and will most likely be up once more.

Fatal Accidents to Jumpers.

During the past few weeks close on twenty jumpers have met with fatal accidents. As far as I can see there is no way of accounting for the epidemic: the going has been good all the season, and several of the catastrophies have occurred on courses where one seldom sees a fall of any description.

Mr. Meyrick Good, the well-known Turf writer, who reads the races for the *Sporting Life* suggests that every race-course should have a fully equipped horse hospital to deal with accidents to jumpers. It is a very humane suggestion, and I hope that the powers-that-be will take notice.

Will Donoghue Retire?

Steve is on his way back from India for the Lincoln. I have heard that he contemplates retiring from the saddle at the end of the coming flat-race season. Although he has few more honours to gain, I doubt whether Steve will relinquish his association with the pig-skin without a struggle. It is not likely that his achievement of riding three successive Derby winners will ever be beaten.

This Week's Racing.

This week we have to find winners at Manchester and Lingfield. Manchester's last jumping meeting of the season takes place on Wednesday and Thursday. Coulthwaite may have one or two winners, but I understand that he is raiding Cheltenham next week. I suggest that you leave the Wizard of Hednesford's horses out of your calculations and concentrate on the smaller stables. Peacock, Harrison and Piggott are sending some likely winners.

The week-end racing is devoted to Lingfield. As usual, the local stables have several entries in two or three races, and, at the moment, I do not know which horses are likely to see the post. My selections for both meetings are as follows:—

MANCHESTER
SOOTHING GLASS, KERAMEICOS, MITCHELLS.

LINGFIELD
BORDER RANGER, CROCK HILL, TARA KING.

PADDOCK PARS.

Is there any truth in the rumour that Coulthwaite is coming South at the end of the jumping season?

* * *

Frank Hartigan, the Weyhill trainer, has sent out over 1,100 winners since 1905. Not a bad record.

* * *

I see that the Waterloo Cup is certain to take place after all. The Ministry of Agriculture has decided that the foot-and-mouth disease, which has been ravaging the North and Midlands, will not necessitate its prohibition. The cup will be decided on March 12, 13, and 14.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 15

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.
Home Winners.
*Cardiff, Chelsea, *Liverpool, Newcastle, *Preston, W. Ham.
Away Winners.
Sunderland, *Bolton.
Draws.
Aston Villa v. Spurs, *Notts F. v. Arsenal, *Sheffield U. v. Huddersfield.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. II.
Home Winners.
*Barnsley, Clapton, *Leeds, Manchester U., *Oldham, *S. Shields, *Stockport.
Draws.
*Bradford v. Derby, *Bury v. Stoke, Leicester v. Southampton, Port Vale v. Blackpool.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Northern).
Home Winners.
*Ashington, *Halifax, *Walsall, *Wigan, *Wolves.
Away Winners.
*Chesterfield, *Rochdale.
Draws.
*Accrington v. Rotherham, Durham v. Bradford, *Hartlepools v. Wrexham, *New Brighton v. Southport.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Southern).
Home Winners.
*Aberdare, *Brighton, Bristol R., Luton, *Millwall, *Portsmouth.
Away Winners.
*Swindon, Swansea, *Northampton.
Draws.
*Boscombe v. Plymouth, *Reading v. Newport.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
*Airdrieonians, Ayr, *Dundee, *Hearts, *Kilmarnock, *Raith R.
Away Winner.
Hibernians.
Draws
*Aberdeen v. Rangers, Morton v. St. Mirren, *Falkirk v. Celtic.

Veterans for the Cup

THERE is much more variety in the clubs left in the Cup than is usually the case at this stage of the competition, and the four winners will want some finding. A couple of the matches may well be drawn, a result that is quite likely at Manchester and Newcastle. Anyway, I shall anticipate this and expect Aston Villa and Swindon to move on to the semi-final without the necessity of a replay.

Not Yet Too Old.

The final will be none the less attractive if among the twenty-two players are one or another, or both, of those wonderful veterans, Billy Meredith and Harold Fleming.

I had a chat with the famous winger before he reappeared in Manchester City's last tie, and really he has changed very little. The spare figure is there still and even if Meredith is a trifle greyer, he is as alert as ever.

A friend who saw Fleming play at Selhurst tells me he gave a great exhibition of generalship. Fleming did not go into the hurly-burly of the play, but was ever ready to snap up a loose ball and send it where he wanted to.

And then to crown a most successful afternoon he got a goal in a way which few present-day forwards can do, that is, by shaping to shoot with one foot but doing so with the other. If more players were capable of this some of the goalkeepers would start worrying!

England's New Centre.

For the international at Blackburn on Monday last the F.A. Selection Committee made very few real experiments. Roberts, of Preston, was one at centre-forward, but his capabilities have been known for a long time and the chance given him is, in the opinion of a lot of people, a bit overdue.

It looked a better side than that which was beaten by Ireland, but a change or two against Scotland can, even at this stage, be forecasted. Kean at right-half would not have been preferred to Moss had the Villa man been fit. Taylor is as likely as not at Wembley, on April 12, to be back in his customary place in goal.

Why Not the Whole Hog?

The action of the Football Association Council in taking up the matter of unsportsmanlike play was demanded by JOHN BULL very early in the season. The Council, in a resolution, tells us that a deliberate infringement of the rules to prevent a goal is contrary to the spirit of the game.

This is all very well, but we have known this all along. What would more appeal to the football public would be an official opinion on the advisability of giving referees the power to award goals when a player in a scoring position is fouled or when a defender, other than the goalkeeper, fists the ball when it is about to enter the net.

There has been a lot of both this season.

Winners

Selections

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Envoy.—Mr. H. A. Brown's mount should have won the Doveridge Handicap Hurdle at Derby. Envoy was beaten by a head and, in my opinion, his jockey was caught napping.

Harrismith.—This 'chaser belongs to Colonel Birkin who likes to win at Derby. The gelding was hampered in the Derbyshire Handicap Steeplechase, but, in spite of this, he would have caught Phaco in a few more strides. Payne has the 'chaser at his best just now.

Perahara.—Bennett's youngster has a couple of hurdle races to his credit, and only lately has his attention been turned to fences. He was backed down to 7 to 4 in the race won by Le Cellier at Kempton, and was leading when he came down at the last fence. He jumps beautifully and should never be missed.

Konky.—When a horse is sent from Ayr to Derby and backed down to 11 to 8, it is pretty obvious that he is "expected." Konky duly obliged and he will be picking up another selling hurdle race soon.

Fly Mask.—If you have an inclination to back Coulthwaite's outsider for the National, you might like to know that some months ago the Wizard of Hednesford offered the mount to Major Doyle.

Owen.—Fitton has four horses in his stables, Atholhampton, Panthias, Irish Cheer and Owen. He has ridden the first three to victory this season and very nearly "squeezed" Owen home at Plumpton last week. Owen is almost certain to pop up very soon.

Charlie Wise.—Has not been seen out since the end of January, when he ran second to Cylvida. He is a good one, and should be noted for future engagements.

Have A Care.—Made up a lot of leeway in the Elvaston Handicap at Derby, but left his effort too late and could only finish third. Lyall won seven races with this gelding last season, and he is just running into form again. Back him each way from now on.

Murky Past.—The well-named son of Scapegoat ran a good race in the Stayers' Handicap. He will be doing Lyall a good turn shortly.

The Heir.—Was not running over his best distance when finishing second to Greenogue at Kempton. He is a good two-miler and should always be backed in events of this description.

Deervaragh.—Don't miss this one next time out. He ran a good second to Mr. H. A. Brown's hot pot, Ground Scout, at Newbury, and later missed a tempting engagement at Derby.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, and *Irish News.*

2 D E X U G 8 S I

00 7 T Q N J Y O F

L Z R C 8 5 A P

H V K M LL MM W B

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

LWKKFOCFEL would read HARRISMITH

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from March 5 to March 11 inclusive.

Final ?

Meredith and Fleming as Wembley Attractions.

and the latter crime only very recently had a most important bearing on the result.

Cardiff and the Double.

Can Cardiff City pull off the great double, the Cup and the League Championship? Aston Villa did it twenty-seven years ago, and if Cardiff are not such a good team as the Villa were then, neither is the opposition so powerful. I am not one of those peculiar people who are always shrieking about the good old days, but I do say the standard was better twenty years ago than it is now.

Well, I wish the Welsh club all the luck in the world in their great venture. Their rise to fame in three seasons is one of the romances of Soccer. What they have accomplished is a tribute to the team spirit—side first, self second—and to clever management.

Your Cup Final Ticket.

To save other readers the trouble of writing me on the possibility of seeing the Cup Final, the position is this: All the seating accommodation has been applied for, but application for tickets for the terraces can still be made to the Exhibition authorities, although a lot of people will be disappointed over this.

It seems to me that the last chance of seeing the game will be when the finalists are known. Space for about 9,000 spectators will be at the disposal of the two clubs concerned, and you might have a friend in one of the towns who could buy a ticket but who might not be able to use it.

England's Centre-Half.

When the English F.A. quite wrongly decided that Joe McCall's best days were over, they began to look round for a new National centre-half, and their choice was George Wilson of the Wednesday.

Without ever reaching the heights of genius, Wilson has kept his place in England's team, and even if there are one or two men who can seriously challenge him for the position, he has on his side the estimable asset of reliability.

Wilson is a great defensive half, but only a moderate constructive one. He can get the ball out to his wings, but is not an adept at the short transfer to his inside forwards.

Wilson, who has the useful but not mountainous, physique of 5 ft. 8 in. and 11½ stone, learned the game in Blackpool and developed with the local club who collected a cheque for £3,000 when he was transferred to Sheffield.

COUPS FOR THIS WEEK-END.

My coups for this week-end are:—

7 HOME.—West Ham, Manchester U., Bury, Wigan, Brighton, Rangers, St. Mirren.

3 AWAY.—Sunderland, Rochdale, Swansea.

3 DRAWS.—Manchester C. v. Cardiff C., Bradford v. Blackpool, Brentford v. Norwich.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Manchester U., Bury, Rangers, Rochdale, Swansea.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Wigan, Sunderland, Brentford v. Norwich.

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100 Rose des Vents	100 Double Escape
100 Servance	100 Ardgour
100 Ulula	100 Gay Lochinvar
100 Victory Speech	100 Glengarry
66 Azimuth	100 Newlands
66 Friars Melody	100 Palm Oil
66 Gabrielle	100 Peter the Piper
66 Golden Hero	100 Square Up
66 King Pippin	66 Auchinrossie
66 Varzy	66 Catamaran

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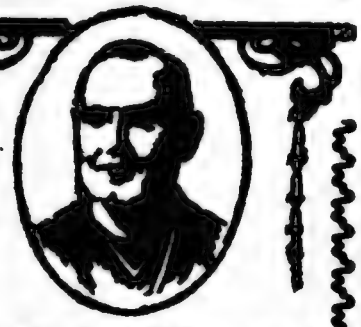

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Cigarettes Sent Free.

There is no disease more offensive or disagreeable or no disease that will lead to as much serious trouble as catarrh. You can now get rid of it by a simple, safe, pleasant home remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser (U.S.A.), a catarrh specialist.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapour is inhaled into all the air-passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

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A trial package, containing four cigarettes, will be posted to any catarrh sufferer quite free. Address, Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 D.K.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. 4, to prove their delightful and remarkable effectiveness.

Our Letter Parliament

Old Age Pensions at 65?

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

The Evening of Life.

Your Caerphilly reader is one of hundreds in the same position. There was a suggestion of increasing old age pensions, but I think the question of the age roduction should be considered first, as there are so many old people who have no income at all. Sixty for women and sixty-five for men is quite late enough, especially with the labour market in its present state. What is the use of people over sixty going to Labour Exchanges, when there are thousands of young people idle?—*Mrs. G. H., Plumstead, S.E.*18.

How Many Reach Seventy?

It is good to see that you have given publicity to the cry of an old woman who finds the last years of her life a hard struggle. Surely we should pay old-age pensions before seventy? I wonder just what is the percentage of our population which reaches such an age. And how long do people live beyond that age? Terrible, indeed, is "the evening of life" when one has not the means to live in something approaching comfort. Old-age pensions should be paid at sixty or sixty-five.—*Hal Roper, Newcastle.*

Life's Falling Leaves.

Your correspondent has struck a very pathetic note in her letter, and her problem is a very difficult one both to her and to hundreds of others. If I had my way, old age pensions would be increased to 12s. 6d. or 15s., and also they would be given at sixty-five. God knows 10s. is far too little to give to the old folks in these days. Is your correspondent aware that there are "Eventide" homes for old folk, where (for a very moderate sum) they are carefully cared for "in the evening of their days"? Perhaps this would solve Mrs. M. B.'s problem.—"*Eventide*," *Clapton.*

The Tragedy.

There are many in the position of the poor woman reader whose letter you published. She was fortunate in that she had a son willing to support her, but there are others not so happily situated. And their lot is a tragedy. Their position might be made easier by the earlier payment of the old-age pension—say, at the age of sixty. When we have toiled through life for sixty years we are in need of any little help we can get. And after working for the country, surely the Government should make some provision for us.—*Mrs. J. K., Glasgow.*

A Long Fight.

The lot of poor old people is a prolonged struggle against adversity. But the fight is too long—too bitter—and their cherished goal, the old age pension—too far off. We, who have seen these poor struggling souls, realise that the pension should be placed nearer to their feeble grasp. With all the resources of this great country—with all the economies that a Government with a heart for its people could effect—surely old age pensions at sixty-five is a real possibility!—*J. Thorne, Wood Green.*

Seventy or Seventy-one?

Lowering the age, and raising the pension, may be worthy ideas; but why not enforce the *present* Act, not the "official" interpretation thereof? The Act says "pension is payable on attaining seventieth birthday." In practice it is not paid until one attains one's seventy-first. Why? In all other circumstances—coming of age, etc.—your birthday is your *year* age. Officials "skin" one off your old age. Any reason for it?—*Wm. Robertson, Craigrothie, Cupar, Fife.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

"The Signpost to Happiness."

I have read the article by "A Gentleman With a Duster," and I would like to see him, with a wife and three children, live in happiness on a skilled engineer's wages of £2 15s. per week. With rent, coal, boots, clothing, and food, he would be very lucky if he could live in happiness. After he has paid his week's bills he would not have much left to encourage his sons to travel the Empire; in fact, he would not have enough to treat them to a single evening's happiness at the Empire *Theatre.*—*J. S. P., Leeds.*

Castles in the Air.

The wildest fancy of Jules Verne is quite tame compared with this latest effusion from the pen of "A Gentleman With a Duster." The idyllic existence he depicts for himself (as a worker) would get rudely shattered in this stern world of fact and reality. How is education going to right all our social ills when it cannot instil humanity in the bosoms of the rich, and when imbibed by the worker only succeeds in making him discontented with his lot? This worldly house of ours will only be set in order when Time has wholly purged avarice and selfishness from the human system.—*T. Fenwick, Glasgow.*

Other People's Business.

Your reader touches upon a point that I am surprised has not been taken up before—the private nature of telegrams. On Merseyside the telephone has superseded the click, click of the Morse sounder. How would he like to hear his telegram bawled into a telephone, audible to the customers and staff who may possibly be next-door neighbours or fellow tradesmen? The cabinet is on the public side of the counter, and used by the public, who often have to wait until the 'phoning of telegrams is finished.—"*Hello There*," *Liverpool.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"MAGNET LIBRARY":—"Then, peering closer, an EXAMINATION of ASTONISHMENT escaped his lips."

"WOMAN'S WORLD":—"His fury had beaten him. It held him SILENT: he stood there SWEARING, shaking his clenched fists at them."

"WEEKLY NEWS" (Dundee):—"Then, IN A GENTLE VOICE, he LAID BEFORE HER a photograph of the victim of the tragedy."

"WEST END WHISPERS" (advert.):—"Genuine reductions: Enamel Pails, 11d.; NOW 2s. 1d. each."

"GIRLS' OWN PAPER":—"Chrissy tried to learn to make butter, with her ARMS tucked up above the ELBOWS."

"ADVENTURE":—"He worked with the knife at the STOUT ropes—THIN, but strong."

"HUTCHINSON'S MAGAZINE":—"He took the pin delicately, and held it up to his SMOOTH WRINKLED FACE WHERE A MONOCLE GLEAMED."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Like a whirlwind he thundered over a ploughed field IN A CLOUD OF DUST. The RAIN, which had never ceased WAS PELTING DOWN HARDER THAN EVER."

Filthy Lucre.

There are thousands of "John Bradburys" in circulation in such a filthy and dilapidated condition that they are a menace to all who handle them. The designs of the ten-shilling notes are in many cases obliterated while others are held together with stamp paper. The Chancellor of the Exchequer should withdraw the dirty notes from circulation.—*G. O.*

Butter in Margarine.

It is high time a regulation was made compelling manufacturers of margarine advertised as "containing butter" (but no statement of the amount) to state plainly on the package the percentage of pure butter (if any) their product contains. The regulation causing each package to be labelled "margarine" was necessary, and since this new form of advertising, it seems equally necessary, in the interests of public health, to have the butter content plainly stated in the advertisement and on each package.—"*Welfare*," *Southbank-on-Tees.*

Who Stands Treat?

For an engaged couple to share their amusement expenses is quite reasonable, as often the girl is earning as large a salary as the man. Also, the latter has probably a great deal of headway to make up through his war services, and no decent girl can object to giving every assistance towards shortening the time of waiting. On the other hand, the average young fellow has a kind of sneaking feeling that he is doing a mean thing in accepting this, even though the idea is mutual. And who can really blame him?—*As You Were, Ipswich.*

Slovenly Law-making.

Thank you for your remarks on above subject. Let us hope that the Labour Government will have "Acts of Parliament" drawn up in simple and lucid language, curtailing the use of nonsensical, antiquated, legal phraseology. We are told that "Ignorance of the law is no excuse for breaking it," yet our judges are often in a fog, and hold different opinions as to its interpretation, which causes appeals to higher courts, reversal of decisions, etc. It is evident that to avoid endless litigation our laws should be explicit and easily understood.—*A. A. W., Belfast.*

Labour's Blunder.

I am very pleased to see that you are calling attention to the Government's narrow scheme of building houses to the value of £500 only. It seems hardly conceivable that the present Government would lose the opportunity of providing suitable accommodation for a class of persons whose interests ought to be considered equally with others. At the present time a large number are being exploited by being compelled to pay excessive rents for flats, and they would welcome the opportunity of obtaining a house containing larger rooms than can be obtained in the above class of house.—"*Fair Play*," *Crayford.*

Those Profiteers.

I was much interested in the article by Major E. Hammond-Foote. His statement that wheat is down to pre-war prices is distinctly wide of the mark. It is actually about 50 per cent. dearer as regards American, which is, of course, our chief source of supply. Pre-war price for Manitoba wheats varied between 34s. and 36s. per quarter. To-day the same quality is easily fetching 51s. to 52s. per quarter.—*Fred. E. Langford, N. W.*

WILLIE SMITH
(The Famous Billiards Champion)
Dressed by Barry.
(Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

A Superfine Fancy Worsted Suit to measure for £3-10-0

Valued by our clients at £6-6-0 and even £7-7-0.

Read this extract from City of Bradford Corporation ANALYST'S REPORT on these SUPERFINE FANCY WORSTED MATERIALS.

"These Cloths are found to be composed entirely of solid worsted. The shades have been subjected to the 'Fadeometer Test' for 25 hours (equal to 5 days of June sunlight)."
(Signed) for the Conditioning House,
City of Bradford Corporation.
E. H. TOWNEND.

Wherever you reside we undertake to fit you perfectly.

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

We will refund not only the full amount of your purchase, but 2/6 over and above that sum if we fail.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

If you cannot call personally our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

Sent Carriage Paid at our risk entirely.

FREE. The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart, are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

A PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT
TO MEASURE FOR
£2 : 0 : 0

A TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE
TRENCH COAT
(The Famous 4-in-1 Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **32/6** Carriage Paid.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT, stylishly cut and finished, which has stood the test of time in the most inclement weather.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED GOODS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET.

£500 GUARANTEE

WE will forfeit the sum of £500 if our 32/6 Trench Coat is not identical in quality with many coats which have been selling at 40/- Fawn, and 45/- Blue, and even higher prices. Our price to-day in BLUE or FAWN is 32/6 only.

GABARDINE
RUBBER LINING
CHECK LINING
DETACHABLE WOOL LINING

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full, but also the postage incurred by your returning it. We are the only firm making this offer.

The Special Interlining renders it Stormproof.
A smart check lining gives an attractive and dressy finish to it.
Its detachable wool lining is removed in a few seconds, making it ideal wear both in cold and warm weather.
The excellent gabardine shell is of sterling and reliable quality.

Post us your remittance for 32/6, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

S. A. BARRY & C° LTD.
(Mr. BARRY), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

How to Save Children's Teeth

Brushing is necessary, of course, but, by itself, it is not enough.

To brushing you should now add the regular use of Wrigley's.

Read what Science says about it. A prominent dental surgeon, writing for the "Daily Express" of the 27th June, says:

"To prevent the teeth decaying by cleanliness alone, the mouth would have to be constantly aseptic. As this is practically impossible, a small quantity of good chewing gum after a meal will induce a long-continued flow of saliva, most efficacious in destroying the numbers of tooth-destroying bacteria."

So, when the kiddies ask you for Wrigley's (as all kiddies do), remember that giving it to them is not merely indulging a harmless taste for a delightful inexpensive sweet.

Giving Wrigley's to the children is a most important measure for their future health—for good teeth are the very foundation of good health.

It's important in another way, too. It's a real aid to digestion. That's why millions of people use Wrigley's *after every meal*, to prevent the unpleasant symptoms of indigestion.

Give Wrigley's to your children after every meal. And use it yourself. You'll enjoy it and it does you good.

WRIGLEY'S
CHEWING SWEETS

SPEARMINT, 6 bar packets, 2d. P.K.—6 sugar-coated peppermint pellets—1d. per packet.

After every meal

Wrigley's Limited, 177-179 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

The Story of Coal

The Miner's Working Day

Whether the working conditions in an industry may be considered good or bad depends not only upon the rate of wages paid, but on the number of hours worked and the risk of unemployment.

And in comparing the worker's standard of life, regard must be had to any difference or alteration in the number of hours worked, since a reduction is of itself an improvement in that standard.

In the matter of hours worked, the coal mining industry compares very favourably with other industries or with coal mining in other countries.

The British miner now works 7 hours a day underground as compared with 8 hours worked by his foreign competitors.

In January, 1924, there were employed in and about the mines 76,000 more wage-earners than in 1913. In a period of acute unemployment in general occupations the coal miner has, therefore, been practically immune from this great evil.

Before the war, our consumption of coal increased at the rate of five million tons a year, and if there had been no war, it is fair to assume that we should now require an output of about 330 million tons a year. Even last year the output was not sufficient to meet the demand.

Unfortunately, Mr. Justice Sankey's assumption that the 1913 output of 287 million tons would have been regained by 1921 was not justified by results. In 1922 the output was 249.6 million tons. In 1923 it was still only 278.5 million tons, although 50,000 more persons were employed than in 1913.

In 1913 the daily output per man was 21 cwts. In 1922 it was 18 cwts. In 1923 (September quarter) it was 17¼ cwts.—a reduction of 17 per cent. on 1913.

Had the output per person employed been the same in 1923 as it was in 1913, some 18 million more tons of coal would have been produced, with beneficial effects upon wages and prices.

Prosperity depends upon Private Enterprise and Cheap Coal.

If you are interested in "The Story of Coal," cut this advertisement out and file it. It will be followed by others telling other parts of the Story. Look out for them. They are being issued on behalf of the Colliery Owners of Great Britain by PHILIP GEE, *40, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2, from whom further information about the Coal Mining Industry can be obtained.*

No. 3A.

Ask for Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

40A

TRAVEL IN COMFORT

When you will—Where you will

for about a farthing a mile—

Write to-day and we will give you full particulars of the most comfortable and dependable motor cycle made. Our attractive catalogue contains many highly appreciative expressions of opinion from Ner-a-Car owners which will make you wish to experience the same pride of ownership. Be master of your own transit, whether for pleasure or business, country or town. Become an owner now, and pay as you ride on deferred terms.

£57.10.0

Fully equipped. Carriage paid.

GO JUST AS YOU ARE ON YOUR

NER-A-CAR

THE SHEFFIELD SIMPLEX COMPANY,
Dept. B, Ner-a-Car Works,
Canbury Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

The Brooks Book tells you how to cycle comfortably. Post free.

That new bicycle

Are you having it equipped so that when the glamour of the "new toy" has worn off you will still enjoy it?

In a good cycle fitted with a Brooks Saddle you have a friend for life.

BROOKS

BICYCLE SADDLES

J. B. BROOKS & Co. Ltd., 92, Criterion Works, B'ham.

Protect the delicate nerve mechanism of the spine.

Patented at Home and Abroad

Smooths out Road Ruts

Terry's spring seat absorbs jolts, vibration, and ends all discomforts usually experienced by cyclist and motor-cyclist. List free. Cycle models, Lady's or Gent's, 25/- each. Motor-cycle models, L/w. 54/6, H/w. 59/6 each.

Give rider's weight when ordering.

TERRY

Herbert Terry & Sons, Ltd,
Redditch, Eng. Est. 1855.

168/24

JUNO BABY CARS

Give Baby Comfort

FROM 1/10 WEEKLY

Cash £2 19s. 6d. Secure a magnificent British-made "JUNO," sent carriage paid on approval. Guaranteed by our 46 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for FREE LISTS NOW! (Dept. D3), Metropolitan Machinists Co. Ltd., 168 & 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

Direct one £5 5s CASH

2/6 Weekly

In all you pay for our No. 426A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled models. Tyres and accessories 33-1/3% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

MEAD

Cycle Company (Dept. 2067), Birmingham

Motoring for the Million.

Four Wheels and Two

by MOTOMAC

MORE and more people every week want to know about little family cars which can be run at minimum expense. Anything under £200 interests our readers immensely. Prospective purchasers inside this magic circle should look at "The Ariel Nine."

The four-seater shell body looks quite comfortable for four. The driver's seat, being adjustable, gives further advantages where space is limited. A very competent looking horizontal twin-cylinder engine is as efficient as it is economical.

It is guaranteed to do forty-five miles to the gallon. Magneto ignition, water cooled, the car looks as if it would stand wear and tear, requiring the minimum of attention. The latter is an important point with owner drivers.

The standard model is £165; starter £12 extra, and for those with more expensive tastes, a de Luxe model is provided. Tax—£9 per annum.

Paying a visit to Coventry last week, I found a certain liveliness in the Motor City. The number of orders coming to hand is encouraging, and as the weather opens out and Easter draws nearer, some people may find that the car they fancy has gone up in price and that there is a waiting list. "Don't delay" should be added to the many other "Don'ts" which are part of the motorist's ritual.

While advances are the rule, it should be noted exceptionally that the Swift Co. have reduced their popular ten to £235. While the dainty Talbot eight is now obtainable at £250.

SINCE last season, I have had the opportunity of trying conclusions with the new 2½ (1924) Humber.

So far as I can see, the only point of criticism is its weight, which just brings it outside the low tax figure. Against this fact has to be set the exceptionally high quality of the manufacture, and various other advantages that cannot fail to appeal to discriminating riders.

The chain wheel on the rear hub is fitted with a large shock absorber which ensures an even drive at all speeds, four powerful springs taking up the drive, thus preventing all engine shocks being transmitted to the driver while the recoil is taken on rubber pads.

The single cylinder engine (349 cc), Amac Carburettor (which in the magneto is fitted behind the engine, well out of the way) and gear-box are all of the best quality obtainable. Lubrication is simple but effective: a semi-automatic lubricator is fitted to the tank.

In riding I found acceleration to be readily secured, while the use of top gear made no reduction in the ease of transit. For comfort this machine gets as near perfection as a bicycle ever can.

Altogether, the new Humber model is as fine a piece of mechanism as one can wish to secure; its weight, while being mentioned already as a minor defect, has the advantage of ensuring ease in riding at top speed, there being no tendency to bounce even at the 50 m.p.h. figure. The frame is low built, being made throughout with straight tubes. It is so arranged that a very comfortable position for riding is obtained, and though the rider may place both feet on the ground while in the saddle, there is plenty of clearance under the engine.

Next week I will refer to the "Nera-Car."

* * *

For further particulars of cars and accessories, whether mentioned in this column or not, send a postcard to Motomac to this office.

Can you Drive a Motor-Car?

The Book of the Motor-Car is the first really comprehensive work on motor-cars, motor-cycles and cycle-cars ever published.

The Book is full of invaluable information on all problems of driving and repairing a car, instructions being given for all possible difficulties in language that can be understood by the most unmechanical mind. The following are a few of the subjects dealt with:—

Cylinders, valves of all kinds, different types of engines, carburetters, ignition, silencers, gears and clutches, radiators, cooling systems, brakes, lubrication, lighting systems, artillery and wire wheels, tyres, fuels and how to use them, tools and repair, appliances, etc.

MOTOR-CARS and MOTOR-CYCLES.

The work pays full attention to motor-cycles and cycle-cars, full details and instruction being given for all those points wherein they must be treated differently from the more powerful motor-car. It is profusely illustrated with full-page plates, drawings in plan, section and elevation, diagrams and photographs, as well as a series of sectional movable models in colour showing in detail the actual working parts of a car.

MR. CHARLES JARROTT writes:—

"I think the Book of the Motor-Car invaluable. As a book of reference it will be of great value to me, and anyone who is keenly interested in his car should have a copy."

A FREE BOOKLET.

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
66, Surrey Street, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, free of charge, Detailed Illustrated Booklet describing the "Book of the Motor-Car,"

Name .....
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

J.B.1 .....

What do you know about Business?

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may, at first glance, seem an insult.

Such a one would answer in an off-hand sort of way: "Why, I am in Business. I am a business man. I know all about Business, or I ought to."

He ought to. But does he?

Let us put the same question to you.

What do you know about Advertising, Accountancy, Auditing, Agreements, Banking, Book-keeping, County Court Procedure, Commercial Law, Company Law, Law of Contract, Debt Collection, Office Organisation, Insurance, Landlord and Tenant, Bankruptcy, How to Open a Business, How to Extend a Business, etc., etc.?

To understand thoroughly these and other important business subjects you must have the Business Encyclopædia.

The work is edited by W. S. M. Knight, Barrister-at-Law, and contains hundreds of business articles written by the most successful business men of the day. Among these are Lord Dewar, Sir Woodman Burbidge (Managing Director, Harrods Stores), A. W. Gamage, John Lawrie (Managing Director, William Whiteley, Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge, and many others.

J. S. FRY AND SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:—

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is THE work par excellence for every business man to possess."

A FREE BOOKLET.

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
66, Surrey Street, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the Booklet, describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

Name .....
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

J.B.1 .....

CLEANS YOUR HANDS AFTER IT HAS CLEANED YOUR HOUSE

Gre-Solvent is unequalled for cleaning paint, woodwork and enamelled ware. Just a little on a damp rag does more than hours of heavy scrubbing. And after you've done, Gre-Solvent will clean your hands perfectly, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

GRE-SOLVENT
MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

GRAVES
SMART LOUNGE SUITS.

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments.

From 7/6 monthly

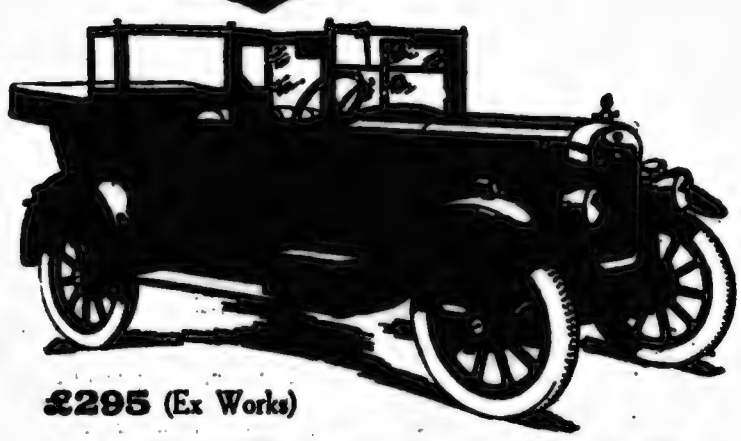
WE DELIVER the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments if satisfied. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Finest Value in the World.

Overland



£295 (Ex Works)

BRITISH BUILT Five-Seater DE LUXE

70 per cent. of this Car is manufactured in BRITAIN and 30 per cent. in Canada.

We have NOT yet increased the price of the Overland, but desire to warn intending buyers that they cannot buy more advantageously than at to-day's prices.

WRITE TO-DAY for Brochure "J.B." giving particulars of the most completely equipped Car on the market.

Magneto ignition fitted as Standard on all models.

FOR RELIABILITY, COMFORT, ECONOMY.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LIMITED
FACTORY AND SALES DEPT., Heaton Chapel, MANCHESTER.
LONDON SHOWROOMS, 131 a, Great Portland Street, W.1.
LONDON SERVICE DEPOT, 111, Lots Road, Chelsea, S.W.10.

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

Eat only the best Toffee

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

BIKE BARGAINS

From £5-5-0 cash

I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES, on 14 days' approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.

2/6 WEEKLY.

The Brico

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER

DEPT. 27 COVENTRY.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 21.

D. O. (Bedford).—"What causes class hatred?" Usually the teacher.

N. T. (Rochdale).—"Shall I send you my ideas?" No thank you; we don't like the samples.

D. C. (Wembley).—"I know you enjoy a good joke when you see one." We certainly do—when we see one.

T. G. D. (Manchester).—"The American has a fertile brain." Perhaps that is because it is well watered.

M. T. (Ealing).—"You do chip your readers, don't you?" We knock a few corners off occasionally.

T. K. (Bolton).—"It is quite customary to see people weeping at weddings." Often even the wedding cake is in tiers.

D. S. (Jersey).—"We have heard a lot about the new Premier in the Channel Islands." Tush! We've often heard of Ramsay in the Isle of Man.

K. McL. (Blairgowrie).—"All trade disputes could and should be settled by a round table conference." And a square deal for the public might result.

L. T. (Guildford).—"It is mostly luck that gets a man on in the world." Particularly if he's lucky enough to believe in hard work.

C. S. (Weston-super-Mare).—"The swain of to-day does not propose to a girl on his knees." Very often, that's just precisely where *she* is when he *does* propose.

R. J. (Southsea).—"You can't answer a question by asking another." Not unless the other is better informed than you are.

W. S. (Crowhill).—"In some cases beer has been known to be adulterated with vinegar." Sorry! We certainly can't swallow that!

G. K. (Huddersfield).—"I don't think half so much as you do of this new Government." Erase the last four words and you are probably stating a fact.

G. R. T. (Bristol).—"Even the opposition newspapers are agreed that the first Labour Party levee was a huge success." A capital levee, in fact.

B. W. C. (Cookham).—"The sensible man does not care to make a fool of himself in public." The *really* sensible man doesn't care to make a fool of himself anywhere.

B. G. A. (Govanhill).—"A young woman will spare no pains to look attractive and desirable to her lover." And, take it from us, the older ones aren't at all backward in doing likewise.

M. J. D. (Leeds).—"Why should a woman when she gets married lose her own identity and take her husband's name?" But, as she takes pretty well everything else he has, why omit the name?

F. G. (York).—"Give Capital Levy a trial." The verdict would almost certainly be "Guilty!"

G. G. (Manor Park).—"A little less whitewash, please." Sir, are you trying to blacken us?

A. C. (Byker).—"Life is very different from what we see on the pictures." The latter, of course, is reel life.

S. J. (Wimbledon).—"I want to learn how to wait at table." The best way is to order a steak in a restaurant.

R. B. V. (Southampton).—"Barking dogs don't bite, we all know." But possibly those at East Ham do!

T. E. (Yarmouth).—"I do not profess to know everything." You've certainly proved your case.

T. U. (Oxford).—"I have just finished digging ninety-foot well." All's well that ends well.

F. C. (Tulse Hill).—"And when you come to see me you shall have an extra lump of sugar in your tea." How sweet!

F. O. E. (Bilterton).—"I think you will agree that the Prohibition policy is a blind one." And the effect of the Non-Prohibition policy is often very similar.

FREDA J. (Hornsey).—"When my husband starts raving it always makes me hold my breath." Though it may be wiser under the circumstances to cultivate holding your tongue.

F. J. T. (Parracombe).—"I should like to know how you think of some of your dry remarks." You are evidently trying to pump us.

R. F. B. (Sunningdale).—"I have just been reading a long article on the milk trust." Your letter rather suggests you have merely skimmed it.

C. P. (Keswick).—"I am one of those who *don't* agree with you." But what is one among the hundreds of thousands who do?

C. K. (Plymouth).—"I hope you will be able to make something out of my letter." We made the finest pipe-lighters we've had for weeks.

F. P. (Elstow).—"I am continually getting forms from moneylenders." So long as you're not getting money you needn't worry.

U. B. (Grantham).—"Politicians have failed to quench the sufferings of their fellows!" We knew those restricted hours would annoy someone.

E. E. (Bentham).—"I am a shop assistant of twenty years' standing." You must be tired!

D. B. (Eccles).—"The law of hanging rests on a sand foundation." We thought there was a trap in it somewhere.

P. M. C. (Letchworth).—"Most pioneers suffer an unhappy fate." They begin in the van, and end up in the cart.

W. S. W. (Darlington).—". . . But this is by the way. The real point . . ." Sorry. After eight pages we must leave you by the way-side.

B. H. M. (Saxmundham).—"For a time I felt I had lost my reason." We are sorry to see from your letter that it still hasn't turned up.

C. P. (Wenlock).—"Now, look here, something has got to be done." Since your letter arrived half the staff have had a nervous breakdown.

C. M. (Bridlington).—"By showing up all the crooks and swindles as you do, you must make thousands of enemies." And tens of thousands of friends!

H. D. (Newark).—"I don't know what you will think about these ideas." We shan't think about them at all if we can help it.

G. H. (Cambridge).—"At my debating club I supported the motion that the majority is always wrong." Which we suppose was carried by a large majority?

W. B. (Wigan).—"The F.A. will soon be putting the teams into the hat for next year's Cup ties." And the tin hat will soon be put on to some of the teams.

A. C. (Leicester).—"I very much regret having left Hastings, where we were married, to come here." A case of married in Hastings and repenting at Leicester.

P. F. (Plymouth).—"Pulling teeth at even a shilling a time, a dentist can make quite a good living." Then dentistry isn't the hand to mouth existence it appears to be?

H. R. B. (Hastings).—"I take it for granted that you peruse all the principal newspapers each day." Not a bit of it! We content ourselves with merely reading them.

F. P. Y. (Burslem).—"I wonder if my writing to you will serve any useful purpose." You are maintaining the Inland Revenue, paper-makers, printers, ink-manufacturers, to say nothing of waste-paper-basket workers.

V. B. (Ilkley).—"I am inclined to think." We advise you to give way to the inclination.

A. F. (Worthing).—"Henry Ford is building a new Convalescent Home at Detroit." For run-down pedestrians?

E. T. (Southampton).—"In my opinion a millionaire's money is doubly tainted." Quite right,—'taint ours and 'taint yours.

A. S. (Bedford).—"I am told there is a great shortage of timber in the country." We advise you not to lose your head.

A. F. R. (Norwich).—"I am going to stand for my district." And here's hoping your district will stand for you!

RICHARD F. (S.W.1).—"If I only could revive the past!" All you have to do is to become a theatrical manager.

E. P. H. (Southport).—"Wallowing in a state of despair does no one any good." The undertaker doesn't think so.

FLORA H. (Swansea).—"I mean to let myself go while I am young." Be careful—you may find yourself going either too far or to pieces.

N. P. (Cambridge).—"The spirit is more important than the letter." In a case of drunkenness, yes. But in a divorce the letter gets first place.

T. H. N. (Ellesmere).—"Has not a wife a right to her husband's earnings?" According to our belief, it is a right she is continually exercising.

L. F. W. (Malvern).—"The American immigration authorities refused to allow my youngest daughter to land." Perhaps she was wearing corkscrew curls.

Bessie (London, W.).—"I help to create new fashions for the adornment of the fair sex." You're evidently a designing young woman.

C. K. (Clacton).—"My friends say that my four year-old boy has the brains of a Cabinet Minister." Don't worry, he will probably grow out of it in time.

P. G. O. (Chiswick).—"Quite a lot can be said in a sentence of seven words." And there are cases where a sentence of seven days has been very effective.

M. H. C. (Dunstable).—"Can a new competitor win a big *Bullets* prize?" Certainly, the winner of £250 in *Bullets* No. 512 had only competed a few weeks.

W. V. S. (Ilminster).—"My jam jar is always empty—how can I keep my son from stealing it?" We fear that, if you filled the jam jar, the temptation would be even greater.

G. M. (Luton).—"Don't you sometimes feel you could dance on your toes for hours and hours?" Yes, but, unfortunately, our partners often get there first.

E. K. T. (York).—"My doctor tells me that a little dissipation now and again is beneficial." On the strength of this advice we have ordered a couple of bottles of it.

T. L. J. (Swindon).—"All my best ideas come to me when I am shaving." After reading your letter we think you would be well advised to let your whiskers grow.

D. C. (Clapham).—"My sweetheart does not want me to wave my hair but I have a right to do as I like." Still, just to please him, why not waive your right instead?

S. M. G. (Exeter).—"Is it true that excursion trains first started running in 1893?" Yes! But we think it only fair to add that most of them have now reached their destinations.

A. T. (Tamworth).—"After reading my article, what is your candid opinion of my work?" We daren't put it in words, but we are trying to have it put to music, so that the office boy can play it on his mouth-organ.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

SIDNEY WEBB:—If we are idealists we are not idiots.

And if you are not idiots you are at least opportunists.

* * *

SIR ROBERT HORNE:—The ultimate effect of reducing the levy will be to swamp the country with German goods.

Economic nonsense. The levy was a useless farce that kept out nothing. You're a captious critic.

* * *

REV. THOMAS PHILLIPS:—London has become definitely Pagan under our very eyes.

Killjoy! Get it into your head that Christ said nothing about Christians being lugubrious Jeremiahs.

LADY YATE:—Five of the present Cabinet are in alliance with Germany.

Hampered by such supporters as you, small wonder the Tory Government was overthrown.

* * *

CAPT. STYLES:—Class feeling has nothing whatever to do with the Conservative Party.

All parties are ruled by class feeling. That is why politics is such a game.

* * *

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND:—The claim of the League of Nations to be a great Christian and moral idea is wholly unfounded.

So according to you the Mosaic law is superior to the Christian ethic?

New Hospitals Competition

CLOSING NEXT MONTH.

£1 a Day for Life

MONDAY, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—a pound a day, every day of the week, every week of the year for life. That is roughly what half the first prize (£6,000) in the New Hospitals Competition invested at 6 per cent. would bring you in as interest—to say nothing of the capital invested. And just for 2/6. Just for that half-crown in your pocket which you will never miss, and which may bring you in more than seventy times seventy times seven!

Help the Hospitals

Your money goes to help the Hospitals. The great sum of £30,000 has been presented by a well-known firm to cover the amount of the prizes, and all this money will shortly be distributed. Look at the long Prize-list.

You can get a whole ticket 5/- or a half-ticket 2/6 from your local Hospital. Also from the shops, &c., advertising the "Tickets Here" poster, or

Tear out this Coupon NOW and POST IT TO-DAY!

PRIZE LIST

£30,000 prize money has been given by Bovril, Ltd. to help the Hospitals.

1st Prize
£12,000
or two half-prizes of
£6,000
each.

2nd Prize
£3,000
or two half-prizes of
£1,500
each.

3rd Prize
£1,000
or two half-prizes of
£500
each.

And over 2,000 other cash Prizes, bringing the grand total to £30,000.

To THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION.
(President: THE VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD).
Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

I enclose £ s d for ..... whole tickets at 5/-
Please send me ..... half-tickets at 2/6

Name (in full) .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address .....

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to the British Charities Association and crossed "& Co." J.B.4.

WHY WE WILL TRUST "JOHN BULL" READERS

4/6 worth of Medicine Post Free: No Pay Unless Benefited.

This is a Fair and Honest offer that we could not make if we did not trust both JOHN BULL readers and our own medicine—Vitæ-Ore, Nature's own life-giving remedy. Some medicines benefit only some people.

VITÆ-ORE IS DIFFERENT.

Our tonic beverage Vitæ-Ore always benefits those who need it. We will therefore send you a full-sized 4s. 6d. packet, making a whole month's supply post free, on the sole understanding that you will pay for it unless you write and say that you are no better for it. **You will be better for it.**

No drug or patent medicine could be offered on such terms. If there were any reasonable chance that Vitæ-Ore would not do you good, there would be so many people who would not pay that we should be ruined!

VITÆ-ORE IS EXPENSIVE—TO US.

Vitæ-Ore is brought 5,000 miles—extracted from the dried residue of the most valuable natural healing spring in the world—the only one found by the medical profession to possess actual vitalising powers, giving new life to men and women who are ill or run-down for need of full vitality.

> ***The Lancet***, **the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory"; the *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."**

The Government, having analysed Vitæ-Ore at Somerset House, exempted it from the stamp duty on patent medicines (which would have been 1s.), because Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. You can have full confidence in using Vitæ-Ore; it is (as mixed for use) practically tasteless, and can be taken instead of water at meals.

HOW VITÆ-ORE CURES.

Vitæ-Ore cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable; your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with; but you are better all over too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore. Among the ailments which have definitely disappeared when Vitæ-Ore was taken are:—

Anæmia	**Rheumatism**
Neuralgia	**Enfeebled Nerves**
Sciatica	**Kidney and Bladder Weakness**
Lumbago	**Sluggish Liver and All run-down conditions due to the Stomach, Kidneys, Nerves and Liver.**
St. Vitus' Dance	
Dyspepsia	
Chronic Indigestion	
Backache in Women	

But these are only some of the things from which relief can be obtained. Whatever is wrong with you, Vitæ-Ore will help you, because **while every other remedy only attacks the symptoms of disease, Vitæ-Ore restores the loss of vitality, which is the cause of all disease.**

Do not delay. Take advantage of this offer at once. A month's supply sent without a penny of payment until you have taken the whole; and no charge if you say you are not benefited. It is what YOU say, not what WE say.

FACE WINTER BOLDLY.

You may have no ailment, and yet the cold and damp of Winter needs some safeguard. However little you may be run down, this precaution is wise, and you will feel the benefit. You will feel the warm, rich blood coursing through your veins when you have used Vitæ-Ore; and remember, there is no charge if you say you feel no better.

That we are able to sell Vitæ-Ore on this Trial System and get payments for tens of thousands of packets proves V.-O. **must** benefit those who use it. If they were not benefited they would not pay.

Our offer is a liberal one. We send you a whole month's supply—no benefit—no pay. And you DO pay, for you ARE benefited; you will be glad and happy to pay if you accept our offer.

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it, and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

Send this Without Money for 4s. 6d. Packet lasting a Month

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report result in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not I will write and say so, and in that case You Are to Charge Me Nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Advt.

Have You Any Ambition?

to learn a Trade or Profession or go higher in your present vocation? Have you a son? Does he, or do you wish to pass any qualifying Exams.? Remember every man is the Architect of his own fortune, and I can show you how to study in your spare time (by post) and thus reach the highest positions. *As my advice is Free, write to me and let me help you* as I have helped thousands of others.

We specialise in all Exams.

20 Years' Experience

COMMERCIAL.
Commercial Arithmetic
English and French
Book-keeping
Modern Business Methods
Commercial Law
Company Law
Secretaryship
Accountancy
Auditing
Costing
Banking
Advertising and Salesmanship

TECHNICAL
Architectural Drawing
Building Construction
Clerk of Works' Duties
Aviation
Boiler Engineering
Boiler Making
Chemistry
Civil Engineering
Concrete and Steel
Draughtsmanship
Electricity
Engineering
Foundry Work
Internal Combustion Engines
Marine Engineering
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining
Mine Surveying
Motor Engineering
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Sanitation
Shipbuilding
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Levelling
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WE TEACH BY POST.
Most Moderate Charges
Payable Monthly.

SPECIAL OFFER
2/6 Dictionary for 6/-
To extend the name of the BENNETT COLLEGE we are publishing an Illustrated Encyclopædic Dictionary of Engineering — Civil, Motor, Electrical, Mech. The proper price is 25/-; it is in 24 monthly parts of 16 pages each part. You may have Part 1 free, and if you are satisfied send only 6- and you will receive all the other 23 parts. This offer only applies to the first 1,000 applicants. Send for Part 1 to-day; you are under no obligation.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
to the Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield, naming the subject you are interested in. Please state your age. Parents should seek our advice for their sons. Courses specially combined to meet all requirements. Why stay in the rut?

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Dept. 31.

What to Take for CONSTIPATION

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels.** Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—* Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MARVELLOUS INVENTIONS.
Willesford's **PATENT TELEPHONE EXTENSION FLEX** 12 Feet Long.
Fitted with plugs and sockets to join up to the ordinary telephone flex. With these flexes you can listen-in at any distance from the Receiving Set. All Retailers 2/6, or P.O. 2/8.
Willesford's **CRYSTAL AMPLIFYING and CLEANING POWDER** Acts as an Amplifier. Makes very loud signals. All Retailers 1/- Pkt. With Full Directions or P.O. 1/2.
Willesford's **PATENT MULTI-POINTED CAT'S WHISKER.** Makes Crystal Set as loud and better toned than a Valve Set. All Retailers 1/-, or P.O. 1/2.
Willesford's **"SPECIAL" CRYSTAL** for Loud Listening-in. All Retailers 1/6, or P.O. 1/8.
Sole Buying Agents for principal towns wanted.
WILLESFORD'S, 248, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON. Phone: Gerrard 2884.

BABY CARS from 54/-.

DIRECT FROM FACTORY.
On Approval.
CARRIAGE PAID.
Retail Profits Saved.
Cash or Easy Terms
Send now for Free Art Catalogue.
DIRECT PUBLIC SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 136), Coventry.

SARTOLEUM CORK LINO.
Perfect quality, supplied direct at bargain prices.
Cork Lino 2/- per sq. yard.
Oilcloths 2/- per sq. yard.
SEND NO MONEY.
Write or call for Folder, showing full range of **FREE PATTERNS.**
FLOOR COVERINGS LTD. (Dept. 38), Sartor House, Derby St., CHEETHAM, Manchester.

All the World Famed
BICYCLES
The pick of the Coventry makes on the easiest of all Easy Payments—Best Tyres, Three Speed Gears, Superbly finished **£4/10/0** —from
Swift, Rovers, Triumphs, Court Royals, Humbers, Premiers. Write now for Free Lists to:—
GEORGE ELLIS (Dept. 59), Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

FROM 2/- WEEKLY

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

—8d per ½lb

A REAL HOME EXHIBITION

Simple Single Room Dwellings for the Poor

WE wonder how many of the tens of thousands of people who will visit the Ideal Home Exhibition in London during the present month have any idea of what a real home exhibition would look like made up of typical tenements inhabited by the very poor.

As this is a feature of which no mention is made in the catalogue of the show at Olympia, we take the opportunity of giving here an accurate description of the home occupied by a poverty-stricken family whom we helped last week through "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

It is a compact dwelling, as the house agents would say, consisting of a single back room in a square in a North London suburb, adjacent to railway and Tube stations, and tramway and omnibus services affording easy access to the West End and all places of amusement.

There is a remarkable absence of light. The prevailing gloom, however, serves to conceal certain dilapidations and renders less obvious a general condition of neglect and disrepair. On the other hand, there is a copious supply of water, which pours down the walls in rainy weather.

The rent of this tenement is 9s. a week. Think of that, you who clamour for parlour houses with bathrooms and labour-saving devices for less money!

The dwelling is occupied by a man and his wife and four children. There is not much furniture in the room, for owing to illness and prolonged unemployment most of it has been pawned. All the bedclothes for the family of six are one piece of blanket and one sheet, and old coats too much worn to be pledged are pressed into service to keep out the cold.

One child, paralysed through an air raid, lies prostrate all day. Another has facial paralysis following an operation. Treatment for these two little sufferers costs 6s. a week, and the mother has to pay 2s. a fortnight for treatment for herself. The father has recently obtained work, but the total family income is only 30s. a week.

The kindly clergyman who solicited our assistance said: "They are a most respectable family, sober, honest, hard working and religious. I hope you may see your way to grant generous aid."

This is a sample of the homes of the poor into which "The Greatest of These—" Fund carries comfort every week. If we receive more generous support we can grant more generous aid. Help us to help others. We bear all the expenses, and give away every shilling you subscribe.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Tanner Mite," 6d.; A Ninth, A. K., 10s. 6d.; Wright, 6d.; "What's Left," 6d.; J. Linnington, James Hassett, 2s.; With Compliments from 1s. 3d.; H. F. (Craigend), 2s.; C. V. Jones, 1s.; "Lyric" 2s. 6d.; From May, 2s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s 6d.; H. B., 6d.; Small Donation, S. T., 10s.; "W.," £1; H. E. W., 10s.; "Winnie," 10s.; H. E. S. (Sarum), 2s. 6d.; L. C. Ellis (Bullets Winner), £3 2s.; J. H. Sanderson, 1s.; With Compliments, 2s. 3d.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; S. Smith, 1s.; H. Trueman, 6d.; Grateful Lucy, 2s. 6d.; E. A. Wilson (Canterbury), 1s.; Rochdale, 5s. 1d.; "Roman Catholic," £5; E. Scott, 1s.; John Hayton, 2s.; S. F. Cherrett, 1s.; A. W. (Birmingham), 1s.; G. E. Curtis, 7d.; D. Grimshaw, 1s.; Anon., 6d.; M. Smart, (Fife), 1s. 6d.; J. Yorkston, 6d.; J. Matthew, 6d.; "E. A. L.," 1s. 6d.; For Fund, 3d.; "Hard Up," 3d.; Mrs. Trebble, 6d.; L. W. G. Brooks (Stone), £2.; Compliments from 1s. 3d.; H. F. (Craigend), 2s.; C. V. Jones, 1s.; G. Collis, 6d.; E. Grant Sedstrom, 2s. 6d.; J. C. Duncan, 5s. 6d.; J. W. Fragnell, 1s.; K. F. (South-sea), 2s. 6d.; H. B. May, 1s. 1d.; "Bullets 319," 6d.; "Baron O.," 2s. 6d.; Bulleteer, 1s.; "Barham II.," 2s.; Birmingham, 6d.; A Grateful Sheffielder, 1s.; "Still Hopeful," 6d.; E. Purkiss, (Dugrigg), 1s.; "One who is Thankful," 1s.; E. E. H., 2s.; F. S. B., 6d.; "Black Hole," 6d.; M. Lavery (Sunderland), 1s.; "Amor," 5s.; "Mons," 5s.; A. B. Reader, parcel; "3/9ths," 6d.; "E. A. L.," 1s. 6d.; For Fund, 3d.; "Hard Up," 3d.; Mrs. Trebble, 6d.; L. W. G. Brooks (Stone), £2.

Owing to pressure of space a large number of subscriptions received between May, 1923, and January 11, 1924, have not been acknowledged in JOHN BULL. These have been compiled in pamphlet form and a copy will be sent on application, *post free.*

To use, just tap the "woolly" side on face and hands. Illustration shows reverse side, decorated in blue and gold.

Free!
inside *every* copy
The latest Parisian Novelty!
A beautiful blue and gold Complexion Sachet.

THIS Dainty perfumed complexion sachet takes the place of powder-box and puff, and will become the most fashionable novelty of the year!

In addition to this FREE GIFT, the March "ROMANCE" contains twelve enthralling love stories, including the opening chapters of an amazing new serial, entitled "THE GIRL WHO DARED." Get Your copy to-day.

THE MARCH
Romance
Just Out——*7d.*

NEW SERIAL STARTS THIS MONTH: "THE GIRL WHO DARED."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 513.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mrs. PHILLIPS,
Dulwich Cottage, Britannia Rd., Ipswich.
Example:—Seeing Her
Bullet:—In Furs—Grundy Infers.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. F. JAMES, 11, Oxford Road, Edmonton, N.
Example:—Slum Grievance
Bullet:—Hubby's Jealousy—Or Int'r.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. S. LAY, Hatchlands, 68, Berkhamsted, Herts.
Example:—In And Out
Bullet:—Doctor, House—Father, Bank.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. L. M. DAVIES, 105, High Park Street, Princes Road, Liverpool.
Example:—Seeing Him
Bullet:—Nursery, Harbour—"The Day."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. S. TYRRELL, 2, St. Mary's Walk, Scarborough:
Example:—Cooling Down
Bullet:—Advisable Before Chastising Child.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

E. J. Mudd, 88, Campbell Street, Anlaby Road, Hull: Lost—Notices—Working Period Negotiations.

J. Aydon, Finkgate Cottage, Wigiston, Co. Durham: Disarming—Treacherously, Spring's Early Smiles.

L. F. Sims, West Bank, Ambergate, Derbyshire: New Job—Forfeited, Unless Fitted For.

W. Bolton, 11, Marsden Hall Road, Nelson, Lancs.: Sorry After—Carrying Before Car Resting.

W. P. Bevan, 34, Blenheim Road, Gloucester: Lost—Or Recorded, Official's Instructions.

A. E. Cowdroy, 9, Tideswell Road, Eastbourne: Seeing Her—Chasing Him, Reduces Attraction.

C. W. Chilton, The Sign Shop, Bacup, Lancs.: On Good Terms—Pals—Till Wages Vary.

T. Millen, c/o F. Gall, 49, Hastington Road, Aberdeen: Her Grievance—My Suicide Threat—Bluff.

G. Reynolds, 24, Bryngwyn Terrace, Hereford: Cruel—Parents—Tell Youngsters Wiser.

W. Holt (staff) Crescent Road Institution, Crumpsall, Lancs: Asleep—Loquest, Nerrows It Least.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Miss G. Noel, 175, Brownwood Road, Stoneness: Not Official—Britain's Got Another Aeroplane!

J. Lees, 251, Craig Street, Kinning Park, Glasgow: Quarrelling—Owing Reason Team's Losing.

J. Harrison, 42, Hadfield Road, Hadfield, M/c.: Keeping Shop—Britain—Ships, Errand-boys.

S. Spindler, 111, St. James's Road, Southsea: Serious Business—Creating Precedents That Rebound.

J. McConkey, 12, St. John's Place E., Larne, Co. Antrim: In Russia—Rulers Overworked—Workers Overruled.

F. G. Newman, 26, Rattlegh Road, Ipswich: Good-Name—Although Pronounced As Spelt.

A. E. Mason, Walsall Road, Great Wyrley, Walsall: Cooling Down—Dockers—Warning Up, Miners.

Mrs. W. Bevan, 4, Gordon Cottages, Eaton Road, West Derby, Liverpool: On Good Terms—Quarrellers—Mediator On Stretcher.

H. Wigley, 17, Fairlight Avenue, Harlesden, N.W.: Old-fashioned—Employer Considering Himself Boss.

H. T. E. Baker, 137, Grover Lane, Denmark Hill, S.E.: Worth A Fortune—Strikers Imagine Poorest Shareholders.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

F. Barker, 5, Grove Terr., Rawstead St., Rawtenstall; W. Bayly, 28, Albert Rd., Walthamstow; J. R. Beckwith, 29, Alwyne Villas, Canonbury; E. Bentham, Dearden St., Oswald, Yorks; F. Bishop, 27, Cyril Rd., Bournemouth; J. G. Bonthuman, 77, Hamilton St., Motherwell; W. G. Bridgeman, 4, Rosslyn St., Reddish, Stockport; C. E. Calnan, 67, Milton Pl., Southsea; J. Carlson, 14, Princes St., North Shields; A. Carroll, 29, Leinster St., Dublin; V. G. Chapman, 31, Carnarvon St., Leicester; W. A. Cooze, 14, Moss St., Pr. Crumpsall, M/c.; C. J. Cooke, Priory Villa, East Howe, Bournemouth; W. Cosby, Wallace Row, Hartchead, Nr. Liversedge, Yorks.; G. Crowhurst, 24, Corporation Rd., Croydon; R. Davies, "Prince of Wales" Hotel, Scarborough; Mrs. A. Devine, 42, Borrowdale Rd., L'pool; W. W. Dingsdale, 68, Gate St., Basingstoke; Miss R. Dobson, 167, Loughborough Rd., Kirkcaldy; J. Donald, 1st Quarter West, Carfin Grange, Bellshill; A. W. Ellis, The Cottage, Ellsworth; J. H. Elliott, Thrush Rd., Rodley; J. Forbes, 114, Harrington Rd., Workington; H. Foster, 108, Sutherland Rd., Sheffield; R. K. Fraser, 60, Finnieston St., Springburn, Glasgow; H. Frith, "Possession," 9, The Woodlands, Hendon, S.E.; H. Gibson, 19, Ellis St., Widnes, Lancs.; Mrs. E. Gratwood, 49, Norton St., Walton, L'pool; A. Graves, 61, Lewis Rd., Wealdstone, Kent; Mrs. Groves, Whitehouse, Riverton-on-the-Water, Glos.; B. Hall, 10, Globe Rd., Norwich; W. T. Halliday, 14, Hough-side Rd., Pudsey, Leeds; W. Hammond, Compton, Nr. Madford, Wilts; R. C. Hanman, 17, Ethelden Rd., Shepherd's Bush; A. Harper, 68, Kingston Rd., Birmingham; J. A. Hart, 18, Oulbeck Rd., Harrow;

(Continued on page 4)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 515.

LABOUR'S FUTURE
IN OUR TIME
NEW MINISTER
BUDDING
PRECIOUS JEWEL
A KITTEN
WHAT SHE LIKES
PLAYMATES
GOING OFF
IN DOUBLE HARNESS
GENEROUS OFFER
BREAD AND BUTTER
ABOUT TIME
SLIPPERY
LIFE OF LUXURY
BAD END
IN THE NIGHT
LEADING THE WAY
FREEDOM
LIKE MAGIC
FOR ALL
ALWAYS BUSY
ENGAGING MAID
SQUEEZING
A FIXTURE
FIRST TRY
ROUGHING IT
AWKWARD QUESTION
HESITATING
SOON CURED
KNOCKED OUT
HEARD TOO OFTEN

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 513 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any Two, Three or Four Words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—What Labour Will Do *Bullet*:—Lead On—On Lead. *Example*:—My Ambition *Bullet*:—Once Holiday—Now Work. *Example*:—Makes Us Think *Bullet*:—"Scales" Removed From Sight. With one coupon send postal order for 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 515, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(515) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(515) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(515) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(515) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 516.

FROM GERMANY—A BIT FISHY—OUR TOBACCO—NOT LONG AGO—FAR FROM HOME—ALL OF A SUDDEN—WHAT MOTHER THINKS—A CERTAINTY—PRESENTING THE BILL—SPIDER'S WEB—WE DON'T CARE—WITHOUT FUNDS—IN HER FAVOUR—REMOVED—TOUCH AND GO—MY HUSBAND—IN THE SPRING—SILLY CASE—WHY SHE WAS LATE—FOR TWO PIES.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 20. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 516 in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "BULLETS" No. 516, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 516.

NOVEL BIG OFFER COMING!

Meltis CHOCOLATE

4d. 8d. and 1/3 (½-lb. net.) "me.ts in the mouth."

Bald Men Grow Hair

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is Desired.

Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

Was Quite Bald

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different Treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) P. Tucker.

Full Growth of Hair

Dublin.

When I began using Kotalko I was bald. At the sides over the ears, and at the back, there was some hair, but on the whole of the crown of my head, from the forehead backwards, there was no hair at all.

I used Kotalko on the scalp until I noticed signs of a slight down on parts of the head. Then I knew the roots were no dead after all, so I went on using Kotalko, and gradually the down changed into real hair, which kept on growing, until at last the whole of my head was covered with a full growth of hair in its natural colour, just as it used to be.

Everyone who knows me has been surprised at seeing the hair growing again, and several of my friends have already ordered Kotalko, and are highly satisfied with it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Thomas Hayes.

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko, with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when all other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

30,000 TESTING BOXES

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Send or Copy this COUPON

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

.....53 BV

KOTALKO has components of genuine bear fat (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the three Kingdoms of Nature, in accord with the recipe of the original compound, and modern improvements thereon. Mr. Brittain, who was bald, got a completely new hair growth. Later he secured the formula, and has since put Kotalko on sale.

A distribution of 30,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 BV), LONDON, W.1.

STICK-A-SOLES

"Stuck like a Stamp!"

Very thin and light rubber soles. Quite invisible. Attached with Phillips' SOLUTION ONLY.

MEN'S 3/6 LADIES' 2/6 PAIR. INCLUDING SOLUTION.

MADE BY PHILLIPS

Nervous Breakdown

Shows that your Nerves are Starving

Give them the Finest Nourishment in the World —Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
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Statement by
Mrs. M. E. Whitehurst

Writing from Acacia House, 77, Balaham-Road, Clapham, Mrs. M. E. Whitehurst, says: "I feel it my duty to write to you regarding Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I am very thankful that I was advised to take them. I was very ill from a nervous breakdown after the death of my husband, and was quite helpless—indeed, I could do nothing for myself. I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets, however, and I am now quite well and strong, and you may be sure I shall recommend them to all my friends."

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Neuralgia	Palpitation
Neurasthenia	Kidney
Insomnia	Weakness
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THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR

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